

NEWS STAND EDITION

Collier's

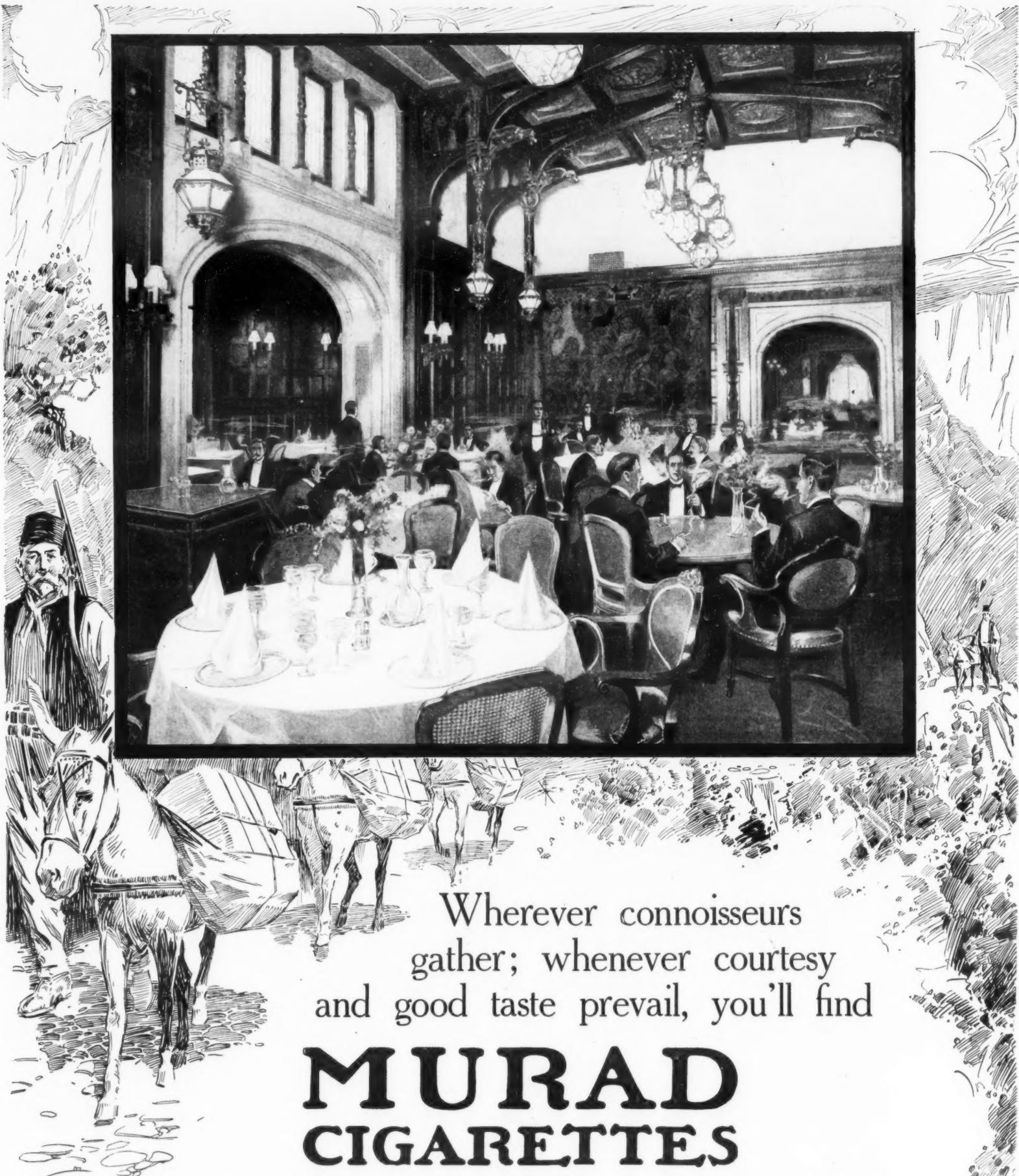


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VOL XXXVIII NO 7

NOVEMBER 10 1906

PRICE 10 CENTS



Wherever connoisseurs
gather; whenever courtesy
and good taste prevail, you'll find

MURAD CIGARETTES

and a universal demand for them. Their flavor and aroma have never been equalled before, nor offered in such perfect harmony.

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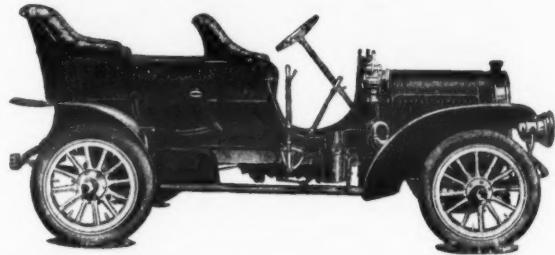
10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York

Pope-Hartford Model L

25-30 H. P. \$2750

(Extension top \$150 extra)



Pope-Hartford Model L represents the cumulative experience of twenty-nine years active work in building and selling mechanical vehicles. It is a four-cylinder, water-cooled touring car proved by adequate tests to be unusually efficient, quiet running and dependable, a modern machine that rivals many an expensive car and cannot be approached by any 1907 model of anywhere near the price.

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SPECIFICATIONS:

MOTOR: Four cylinder; vertical; water cooled; all gears encased; valves all mechanically operated and interchangeable—25-30 h. p. Carburetor special design, very flexible. Jump spark ignition. Provision for magneto.

CLUTCH: Inverted cone type of large diameter.

TRANSMISSION: Sliding gear type with three speeds ahead and reverse.

DRIVE: Through a propeller shaft, pinion and bevel gear to the rear axle.

LUBRICATION: By a special oiler located under the hood, driven by belt from the cam shaft, with sight feeds on the dash.

FRONT AXLE: Solid forging made of special steel of the I-beam type.

REAR AXLE: Of solid steel running on large ball bearings in tubular sleeve.

STEERING: Strictly irreversible. Worm and sector type.

BRAKES: Two sets operated by foot pedals and side lever.

CONTROL: Ignition and throttle levers on top of steering wheel but not revolving with it. Gears changed by one hand lever.

FRAME: Armored, similar to our Model F frame.

BODY: Entirely new design, distinct and elegant. Double side entrance. Roomy tonneau with large doors.

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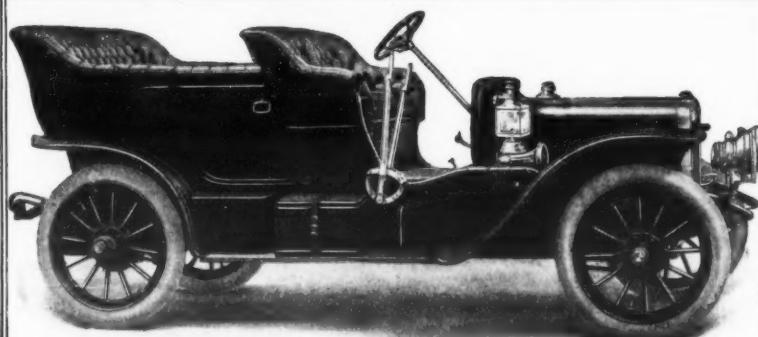
WHEEL BASE: 102". Tread 56".

WHEELS: 32 x 4" front and rear, running on large ball bearings.

EQUIPMENT: Full set of lamps, horn, tools and floor mats.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO., Hartford, Conn.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



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MODEL M

40 H. P. four cylinder motor.
Carries seven passengers.
Four forward speeds, selective type.
Direct drive on third speed.
Multiple disc clutch, takes fourth speed from standstill without jar or shock.
Off-set cylinders more power; no "knock" in cylinders.
Immediate accessibility of all working parts.
Interchangeable, mechanically operated valves, all on one side of motor.
One cam shaft for all valves.
Off-set cam shaft, less power required.
Horizontal drive shaft.
Mechanically throttled carburetor.
"Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated.
Improved Winton Twin springs.
Four brakes, all on rear hubs.
Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10000 of an inch.
Ball and roller bearings, properly distributed.
Jump spark ignition.
Centrifugal pump cooling.
Materials tested to provide safety.
Wheel base, 112 inches.
Gas, oil and tail lamps, trunk carrier, tools, horn, etc., included as equipment.
Price, \$3500 f. o. b. Cleveland.
Book M describes Model M in detail.

WINTON

TYPE X-1-V

30 H. P. four cylinder motor.
Carries five passengers.
This can succeed the wonderfully successful Winton Model K and is lighter, faster and a greater hill-climber.
Individual clutch transmission — separate clutch for each gear change.
Off-set cylinders conserve power; eliminate the "knock."
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Valves all on one side of motor.
Only one cam shaft.
Off-set cam shaft, less power required.
Horizontal drive shaft.
"Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated.
Improved Winton Twin springs.
Four brakes, all on rear hubs.
One pedal and two levers operate all brakes and gear changes.
Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10000 of an inch.
Ball bearings in all wheels.
Jump spark ignition.
Centrifugal pump cooling.
Materials tested to provide safety.
Wheel base, 104 inches.
Gas, oil and tail lamps, trunk carrier, tools, horn, etc., included as equipment.
Price, \$2500 f. o. b. Cleveland.
Book M describes Type X-1-V in detail.

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Member A. L. A. M.
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

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The best way to buy them and the most convenient way to keep them is in a cabinet.

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Has Given a Greater Stimulus to Saving Than Has the Development of Insurance, and the Endowment Policies in Connection With It." — From The Principles of Economics, by Fetter.

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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the
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SHOULD, HOWEVER, OUR READERS DISCOVER ANY MISREPRESENTATION, A PROMPT REPORT THEREOF WILL BE APPRECIATED



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906

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FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, AND ITALIAN taught at home. Prepared and directed by Paul E. Kunzer, Ph.D., President New England College of Languages. Text books furnished. Catalogue sent free. Massachusetts Correspondence Schools, 194 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED. Young men to take a mechanical correspondence course in automobile driving, testing, repairing and construction under expert instructors. Moderate charges and easy payments if desired. 300 positions now open at good wages. Call or address New England School of Automobile Engineers, 46 Devonshire Street, Boston.

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WANTED. Young men to qualify for Firemen and Brakemen. Over 300 positions open. Full instruction by mail. We assist students in securing positions. Catalogue and application blank free. National Railway Training School Inc., F-4 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minnesota, U. S. A.

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GENUINE BARGAINS IN HIGH-GRADE UPRIGHT PIANOS. Slightly used instruments: 12 Steinways from \$350 up; 6 Webers from \$250 up; 2 Krakauers from \$230 up; 7 Knabes from \$250 up; 3 Chickering's from \$250 up; also ordinary second-hand uprights, \$75 up; also 10 very fine Parlor Grand pianos at about half. Write for full particulars. Cash or easy monthly payments. Lyon & Healy, 40 Adams St., Chicago. We ship everywhere on approval.

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LET ME SEND YOU A CASE OF MY HOME MADE GRAPE JUICE for Christmas. Free to try. Express prepaid. Write for particulars. (Mrs.) Mary Morrison, Box 4, Paw Paw, Mich.

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2157

2341

2585

2165

2875

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2315

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Twoven on the wonderful *loop-fleece* principle, in loops which can never mat or close, it absorbs and carries off the moisture of the body. Thus the skin is kept perfectly ventilated and dry and cannot become chilled when protected by this.

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That means that Wright's Health Underwear keeps the body in perfect health. Ordinary tightly woven underwear does not allow free ventilation and is not health underwear.

Wright's Health Underwear costs no more than the common kind. Insist on having it. Write for our booklet "The Loop of Health, the Fleece of Comfort," it's free.

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have an enormous sale, because they are the easiest and strongest bison made. **WILL OUTWEAR 3 PAIRS OF OTHER KINDS**

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HEWES & POTTER
Dept. 7, 87 Lincoln St., Boston
Send for FREE Catalogue
—Correct Dress and Suspender Styles."

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

45

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906

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Drawn by Edward Penfield

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As delightfully refreshing
as the glorious vision of
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the sparkling crystal min-
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absolute purity and invig-
orating effervescence have
given it first place on the
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If you wish to own this EXTRA LARGE two gallon pure crystal glass Gold Fish Aquarium, containing six beautiful, fancy, live Gold Fish, handsome Castle Ornament and a year's supply of Fish Food, just as illustrated, simply send us your name **WITHOUT ONE CENT OF MONEY**

and we will send it to you at once, by Express. ALL CHARGES PREPAID. We will also forward to you, prepaid, 16 one-lb cans Midland Baking Powder and 16 smaller Gold Fish Globes with two beautiful live Gold Fish for each. Sell the 16 cans Baking Powder at 50c per can, presenting each customer with a globe containing two live gold fish. Understand we not only give you your splendid premium in advance, but trust you with the Baking Powder and Premium Globes and Fish; and we prepay the charges to your station. You can sell the 16 cans in an hour simply by showing the Globes and Live Fish to the public.

When all are sold send us the money and keep the large globe and fish for your trouble. Be the first in your place to own this beautiful aquarium. Your customers will buy the Baking Powder at sight to get the bowl of Gold Fish.

Your customers will buy the Baking Powder at sight to get the bowl of Gold Fish.

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It stimulates the sebaceous glands.

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daily scalp massage with



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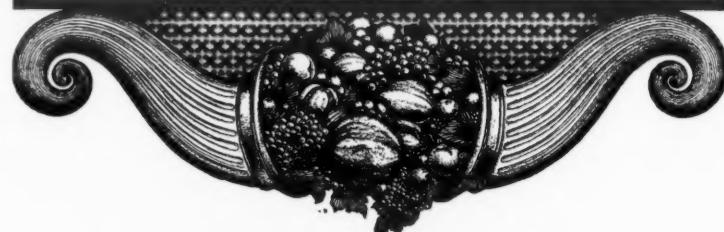
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PATENTS

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906

MR. FREDERICK PALMER is accompanying the President on his trip to Panama. Collier's readers will receive from him graphic accounts of this historic event. On the photographic side we have made elaborate preparations to receive the best possible pictures of the incidents of the voyage.

THE Thanksgiving season will be beautifully interpreted in our art features next week. The cover page will be a design in three colors by Maxfield Parrish. This picture is full of suggestion of the time of year; of peace, plenty, and content; and of subtly intimate family affection.

A LITTLE lighter in theme and suggestion is a three-color double-page design by Walter Appleton Clark. This design, full of the Thanksgiving spirit, pictures country fields and rustic types. It is entitled "Choosing the Pumpkin."

TO the public Mr. Frederic Remington's name suggests Indians, soldiers, frontiersmen, and the Western plains. His "Tragedy of the Trees," in this number, is a slight departure from these themes. Still more marked will be the change in the second in this series, which we shall publish within a few weeks. It will picture a logging operation, with brawny lumbermen in action.

OF Mr. William Allen White's series of related articles, "The County," "The State," and "The Nation," the third will appear in an early number. In "The Nation" Mr. White sums up the optimism which has dominated the series. He uses as his most apt illustration the manner in which public opinion forced Congress to pass last winter two bills in which the people were vitally interested. Public opinion did it. "The great dynamo of popular will was charged and began to move. The like of it had not been seen before for nearly fifty years. Old men had almost forgotten how the great engine of popular government worked, and to younger men it seemed a miracle."

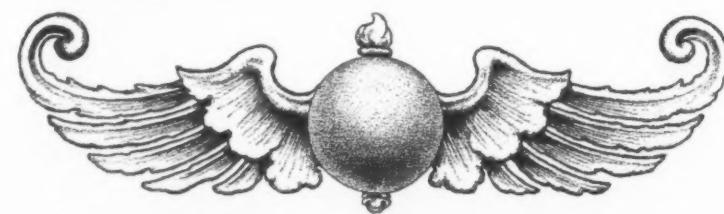
AMONG articles and fiction soon to appear in Collier's are:

Another article on Child Labor by Miss Martha S. Bensley.

"Forsaken Mountain," a story by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

"The Explorers," by Gouverneur Morris.

"Picture-Gallery George," by Stephen French Whitman.



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Glascoc's Racers are the fastest the easiest running

THE ONLY HILL-CLIMBERS. Racing, Sprinting, Hill-climbing, from 2 to 15 years old. Having no dead center requires less power, so that the littlest tot can climb a grade on a Glascoc's Racer. Runs givent and runs faster and different from all other hand-propelled cars.

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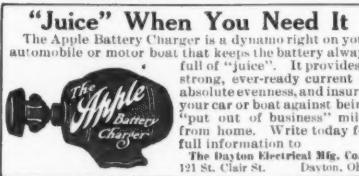
THREE MOTIONS: Racing, Sprinting, Throwing. Exercises motions develop all muscles of the child's body.

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The Apple Battery Charger is a dynamo right on your automobile or motor boat that keeps the battery always full of "juice". It provides a strong, ever-ready current of absolute evenness, and insures your car or boat against being "put out of business" miles from home. Write today for full information to

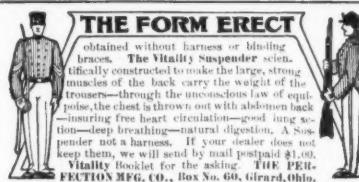
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Pat. Aug. 15, 1905

Will Wash Vehicles Perfectly. Quickly attached to hose. Will not scratch varnish. No cold, wet hands. Booklet free. Ardrey Vehicle Washer Co., 141 E. Main St., E., Rochester, N.Y.



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obtained without harness or binding braces. The Vitality Suspender scientifically constructed to make the large, strong muscles of the abdomen contract the muscles of the rest of the body through the unconscious law of sympathetic nerve. The chest is thrown out with abdomen back—insuring free heart circulation—good lung secretion—deep breathing—natural digestion. A suspender not a harness. If your dealer does not keep them, we will send by mail postpaid \$1.00. The Vitality Suspender for the body. THE PERFECTION MFG. CO., Box No. 60, Glandorf, Ohio.



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When a United States Twenty Dollar gold piece passes from one person to another it is accepted without question as to value, because we all know it is good and we all believe in the guarantee of the United States Government.

When you see the name "Washburn-Crosby Co." and the brand "GOLD MEDAL" on a flour package, it means a great deal. It means that the perfected energies of the largest milling concern in the world have resulted in that flour--that every stage in its manufacture has been safeguarded by scientific methods and constant tests -- that it is absolutely pure and clean--that the hands of the miller have not come in contact with the food at any stage in its manufacture--that it contains the greatest amount of energy and life giving property of any food product.

If you should try to skim every particle of cream from a pan of milk, necessarily the cream taken away would contain a percentage of skim milk and would not be pure and rich but thin and weak. The milk left would also be of poor quality, retaining little if any nourishment.

So it is in milling. Some millers work the wheat so hard that it ruins what they call their best flour and also weakens the lower grades. We take only the richest cream of the wheat for GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, thus making it the very acme of nutritiousness and leaving several degrees more value for our middlings and lower grades.

A N D R E M E M B E R T H I S---

If you want to use GOLD MEDAL FLOUR --that's a good thing. If you ask for it--that's a mighty good thing. If you get it-- that's the best thing of all. But be sure you get GOLD MEDAL FLOUR--or the good things will not be so good. Our brand has been imitated and our name copied until we feel that flour users should be warned to examine the package most carefully--see that it reads --

Washburn-Crosby Co.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

The Tragedy of the Trees



THE LUMBER CAMP AT NIGHT

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

This new series of paintings by Mr. Remington will present the epic of the forest—showing in pictures the story of man's conquest of the wooded wilderness. The coming drawings will depict the lumbermen at work in the various phases of the industry which constitutes the "tragedy of the trees."

• • •

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE JAPANESE ARE A SENSITIVE, proud, and warlike race. Their recent war has presumably not diminished their pride, and upon occasion they would resume their arms. Since the peace, they have started building two battleships more powerful than any three of ours. It would give undue weight to the present situation to say there is danger of war with Japan; yet there are just two things which will save us from war, at some future day, with this nation. One is to treat them with studied courtesy and regard for their sensitiveness and pride; the other is to maintain a navy so very much more powerful than theirs that there can be no doubt about it, and no temptation to put the matter to the test. To fail in both of these will mean a conflict which may end with Hawaii and the Philippines as Japanese dependencies. Courtesy is somewhat cheaper than a race in navies. That is about all we have to say concerning recent events in San Francisco, except to suggest that the fastidious Caucasians of that town exclude from their public schools all Japanese children who are less clean in person than their own, all less willing to work, and all less quick to learn—and no others. The working of this rule would be satisfactory to the Japanese Government.

JAPAN'S
PRIDE

TO THE ARM of the Cleveland "News," strength. It has begun a series of articles which detail the experiences of a perfectly healthy young man who called professionally upon all the quacks in the city. With each his experience was the universal one of the dupe with the medical swindler. He was told vaguely and mysteriously that subtle and terrible diseases were upon him and that only the services of the quack, at a heavy price, could preserve his life. The educational value of a series of articles like this, in a local newspaper, is scarcely to be measured. Even if the withering exposure were not enough to

**A BOLD
PAPER** drive the quacks out of a community where every citizen they pass on the street knows their miserable story, the fact that so many possible victims are warned ought to make business in Cleveland unprofitable and flight desirable. What the "News" is doing for Cleveland is a duty of the press in every town and city. Our own series could deal only with quacks of national reputation. The hundreds who confine their operations to single cities can be reached by local papers only. The work requires but the moral courage necessary to reject the money which quacks pay for advertising. Swindlers so vulnerable as medical frauds do not indulge in libel suits nor seek courts of justice. May the "News" be repaid in increased patronage and respect for the service it has done for Cleveland.

SEVERAL CITIZENS of New Orleans have written to us to protest against exaggerated accounts of the recent storm in that city. To the same effect several Mobile and New Orleans papers have made choleric allusion to the accuracy of COLLIER'S and other New York journals. With the citizens who are aggrieved we sympathize. As to the newspapers, now solemnly declaiming against evil report, the case is not so simple. The

**HOW NEWS
IS MADE** inaccurate accounts appeared, as one of our correspondents points out, simultaneously, and substantially in the same form, in practically all the large newspapers of the country. This is convincing evidence, if the point need proof, that the reports did not originate in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia offices. Twenty editors, with twenty separate causes for spite against New Orleans, did not conspire. These reports were telegraphed from New Orleans, and by newspaper men. Obviously, a number of persons in that

city are catching the nimble dollar, both coming and going, by sending out, for foreign consumption, false accounts of local events; and later writing, for the profitable delectation of local pride, virtuously indignant invective against the slanders. To the pondering of this fact we suggest a few moments of cerebration on the part of our indignant New Orleans friends. Appropriate action ought to suggest itself. It is a situation which is recurrent in nearly every city where local pride rises up to denounce false rumor in the outside press. Men who originate news despatches to the outside world have a heavy responsibility for truth, accuracy, fairness, and justice. If their own consciences are insufficient to hold them to a decent standard, their fellow citizens may rightly take action.

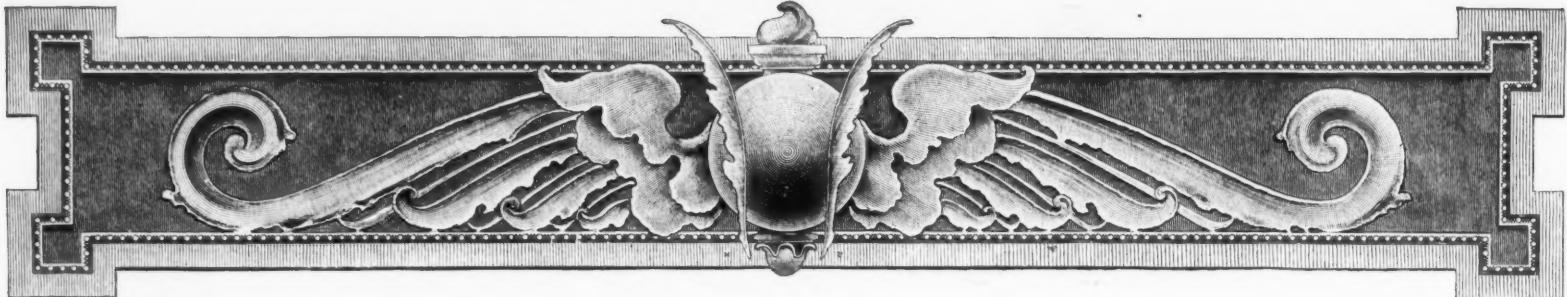
WEEKS BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS factories work overtime, to meet the Christmas trade. In all parts of the country abuses exist similar to those exposed with exceptional thoroughness in New York by the College Settlements Association, the Association of Neighborhood Workers, the Consumers' League, the Women's Trade Union League, and various clubs of working girls. Women and young girls work fourteen hours a day. A theatrical dress-maker in New York last season kept her girls at work for over eighteen consecutive hours. Ruthlessly, lamentably will the factory laws be ignored for the next two months. They are laws to protect life, health, and character. To make them effective is a task that mainly belongs to our women.

A CALL TO
WOMEN

WHEN ELECTIONS are over, causes still go on. We took a somewhat unpopular course during the late campaign, and it may be for some time necessary to explain, carefully, patiently, and with reiteration, just what it is that we believe. It is our purpose to be calm, judicial, non-partizan, but it is not our purpose to conceal convictions. We spoke out about Colonel MAXN, Judge DEUEL, and "Town Topics," and that was a popular thing to do, although the money cost was great. We spoke out about patent medicines, and dropped \$80,000 in a year. It would have been easy to sit on the fence about Mr. HEARST, and thus retain the friendliness of his immense and excited following. But we have certain principles that are above policy, and among them is veracity. How could we pretend to be weighing Mr. HEARST's fitness when we were intimately acquainted with his journalism? Did we not remember his assertions that whom MURPHY was for RYAN was for? That HUGHES was free from every improper influence? Should we pretend to be in doubt merely because so many of our readers objected bitterly to our views? To show how dangerous is unreined mendacity, how contagious, how rapid in its spread, we note that Mr. BRYAN, wishing to support Mr. HEARST, charged that the President's muck-rake speech kept Mr. HUGHES from calling BLISS and CORTELYOU to the stand. Did Mr. BRYAN know that the investigation ended by process of law on December 31, and the President's speech was delivered the following April 14, or did he not?

AFTER-
WORDS

LONG BEFORE TRUST PRESIDENTS were compared with loaf-snatchers a certain distinction was observed, both as to social estimation and probability of punishment, between little thieves and big ones. Evan Dhu said that Scotch Donald Bean Lean would get for his daughter anything across the border in Perthshire, "unless it be too hot, or too heavy." "But," sneered Waverley, "to be a cattle stealer, a common thief!" "Common thief!" exclaimed the indignant Evan Dhu, "no such thing—



Donald Bean Lean never lifted less than a drove in his life." Evan went on to state the distinction thus: "He that steals a cow from a cottar is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman rover." To observe, in this connection, that two office-boys who stole stamps from the Mutual Life Insurance Company are in jail within a few weeks of their felonious performance, while gentlemen indicted for higher accomplishments rove Europe from Venice to the Seine, would be a platitude.

S T A M P S TO BE WRONGED by your social superior was formerly a mark of distinction, and when the lord of the manor took an interest in the cottager's daughter, both cottager and daughter sometimes carried their heads above their neighbors. In this respect, however, we are now, thank Heaven, a democracy. Social scorn jumps the boundaries of place and withers the guilty in proportion to their height. If justice seems to stumble and halt in pursuit of the great, it is the complexity rather than the bigness of the crime that makes the difference. The little criminals, loaf-snatchers and stamp-stealers, are the regular grist of the legal mill. For picking them up, passing them **P R O G R E S S** through, and depositing them in jail the machinery is automatic. Members of Legislatures know these crimes and word their statutes to cover them; policemen arrest these criminals as a matter of habit. But the complex, involved crimes, arising out of the intricate relations of modern business, baffle the understanding of law-makers, policemen, and prosecuting attorneys. For this purpose legal machinery must be readjusted. Putting one of these astute offenders through the mill is, for those charged with punishing the guilty, a new and difficult task, for which there is no chart in precedent. In the course of centuries the ethical impropriety of to-day is accurately described in the criminal statutes of to-morrow; and the world moves on.

"I CAN UNDERSTAND why we should venerate old masters, but why we should venerate old mistresses passes me," remarked an American humorist as he stood before a portrait of NELL GWYNNE in an English private collection. We Americans have often been scornful sightseers. When it comes to foreign landmarks perhaps the majority of us still stand provincially in the attitude of the man from Missouri—you have to show us. Mrs. IDA HUSTED HARPER has been pouring into a sympathetic newspaper ear a plaint about Glasgow and its municipal ownership system. She fails to see where Mr. JAMES DALRYMPLE's car service is as good as that of Philadelphia and Chicago, which, in passing, she distinguishes as "our two most notoriously mismanaged cities." The Scottish municipal railway has been to her a *via dolorosa* paved with good **Y O U H A V E T O S H O W H E R** intentions and traversed by crazy trams, valuable as curios but uncomfortable to sit in. These cars are infested with indolent conductors and frolicsome germs, the cushions are dusty and the floors are moist with the essence of American plug. Deserting the undesirable public transportation, she goes abroad afoot to find the slums, lighted feebly by municipal gas and rat-burrowed with uncleanly Highlanders who live like highbinders. In point of cleanliness, she says, Glasgow makes Chinatown look like a Quaker kitchen. It is easy to see that Mrs. HARPER owns no real estate in Glasgow, and takes no stock in its municipal railway, which she calls the worst in the world. But is she fully qualified to judge? Perhaps she has never squeezed into one of Mr. THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN's humanized cattle-trams plying between, say, Brooklyn Bridge and Coney Island.

WHETHER MEN AND WOMEN shall be educated together or separately is a topic that has been somewhat freely discussed of late, with various conclusions all based on premises that were contrary to fact. Chicago University has not (as so many newspapers have alleged it has) made a reversal of its policy. Its policy about coeducation is precisely what it has been ever since President HARPER won a very close victory by the somewhat drastic method of counting out votes after he had allowed them to be cast, on an old rule, which he had never enforced before, to the effect that instructors could not vote

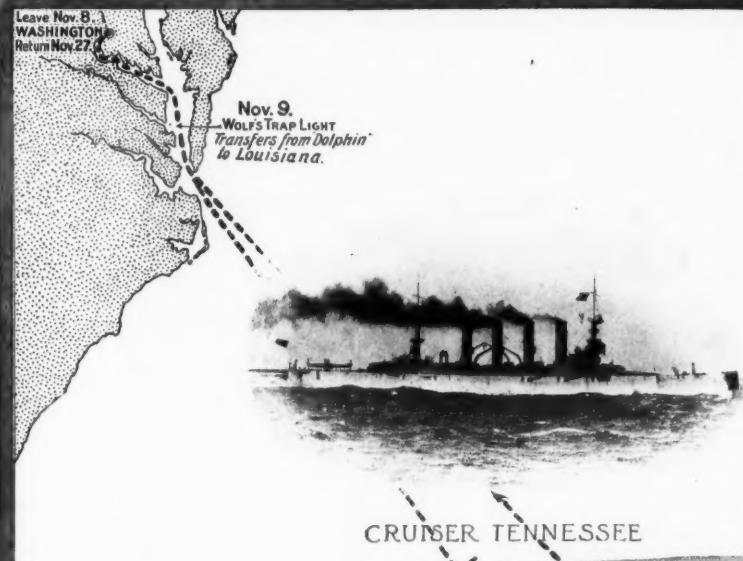
on such questions until their period of service in the University had reached a certain stated length. That energetic victory of his established the point that when classes reached a certain size they should be divided, the women being put in one division and the men in another. Not only is all the advanced work at Chicago coeducational, but the early work also, with this one exception of very large classes. **C O E D U C A T I O N** Whether or not this division shall in time prove to be an entering wedge, it is not a step that has been recently taken. Although the numbers of women increase so rapidly in proportion that many educators are alarmed, the Western universities, as a rule, thus far show no tendency away from coeducation.

MORE IMMEDIATE is another problem now awaiting solution at Chicago. The University is Baptist, with the president and the majority of the trustees necessarily of that denomination. It can not be made undenominational without a transfer of property back to the donors and a retransfer to the University, and no scheme to remove the stringent provisions about Baptist control could possibly be worked out without consent of the Rockefeller family. The temporary president is a man of cautious nature, who is not **A C H I C A G O P R O B L E M** likely to take any steps of particular audacity. In looking about for a successor to President HARPER, those interested in the institution see how much the limitation to Baptists restricts the possibilities. To secure a weak president, anxious to conciliate the ROCKEFELLERS, will not be difficult. To secure a first-class man might require not only a new pledge of money from the family, but a consent that the denominational fetters be withdrawn or made more loose.

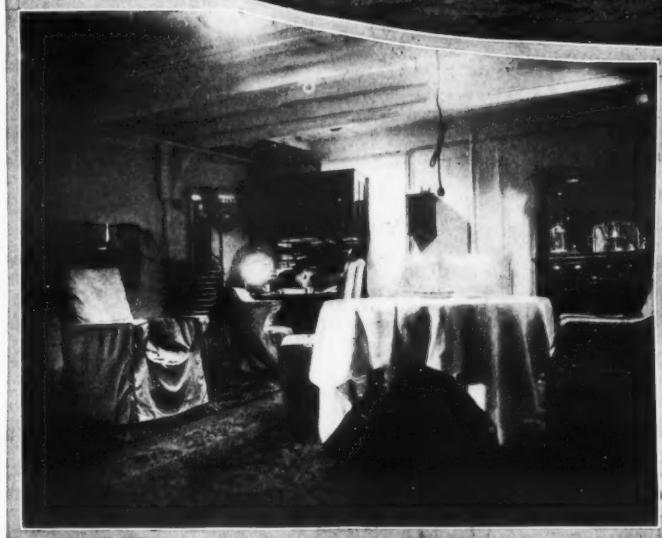
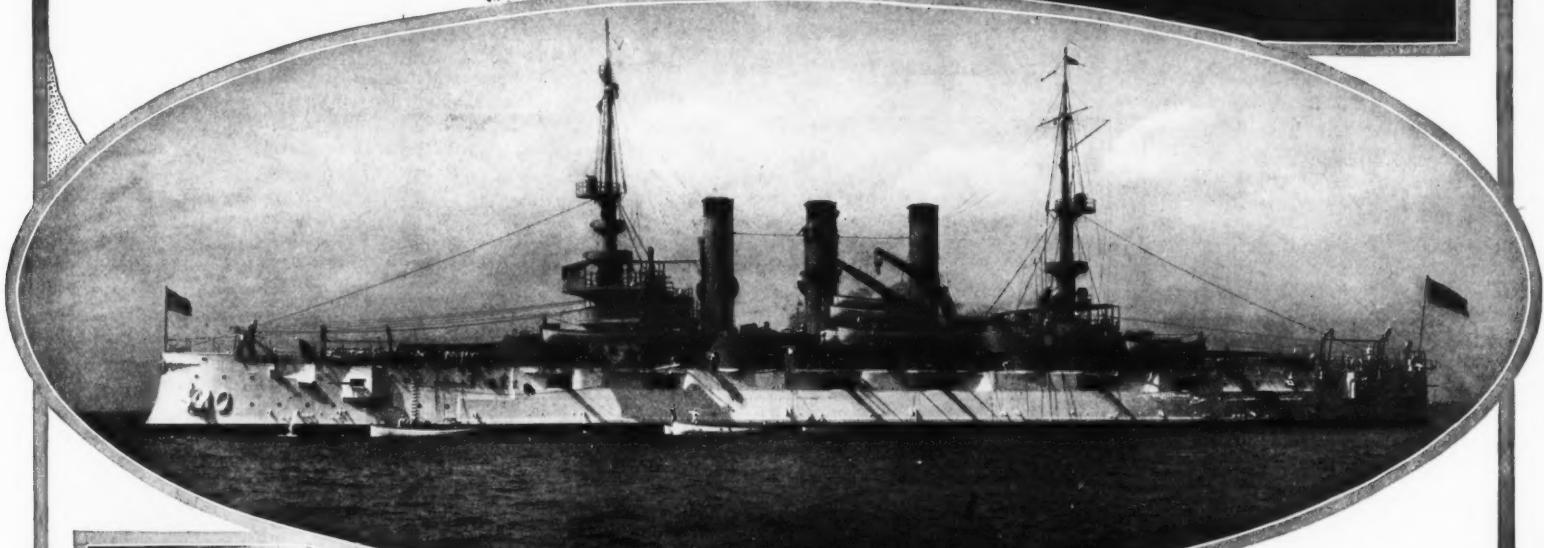
GEORGE RASHID IS DEAD. Nine of our readers out of ten will have failed to observe the brief notices of his release from life, however excited they may have been earlier by the dramatic accounts of his friendless wandering on this earth. This Syrian was a leper, and therefore the people, hearing the dread word, vented on him their cruel folly. Their ignorance made them fierce. Unaccustomed dangers terrify, and this danger, though in main part imaginary, was surrounded with vague ideas that appalled. GEORGE RASHID left Elkins, in West Virginia, to go to a leper colony in New York. He was driven from the train. The **G O N E T O H I S R E S T** railroad company tried to send him toward his destination in a box car, but he was stopped at Philadelphia, from which burg the authorities astutely sent him back as far as Baltimore. He remained there in a box car until the health authorities started him on the move again, only to have him stopped by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At Parkersburg he lived some days under a tree. At Pickens, where he died, his Christian fellow beings fired at him in the shanty where he lived. The report was sent out that he died of heart disease. He probably cared little what they called it. Few men have met a fate as drear as his.

BASEBALL SLANG IS DOOMED. Before long it will die of its forced extremes. Once a riot of joyous metaphor, it has become a mass of technical slang. It is not a playing with the language, but a studied departure from it. Twenty years ago ideas of speed and energy, success and failure, were expressed with natural hyperboles of the prairie. Now all the reporters sit down in a box together to see how many stupidly incomprehensible words they can invent. "To Dr. WHITE is due a royal diadem of currycombs to top off the horse-blankets," is a mere accumulation of struggled-for epithets, without a spark of feeling or enjoyment, as is also the allegation in the same narrative that "DAN O'LEARY said Izzy would go off his bean." Fifteen or twenty years ago Mr. Dooley, and other less gifted but not less happy occupants of the bleachers or the grand stand, were giving expression in Chicago newspapers, in the American tongue, to emotions aroused by the spectacle enacted for their joy. What was then a recreation, a caprice, a spree, has become a profession, and it has become so stilted and full of labor that its remaining years on earth are few. **E N O U G H**

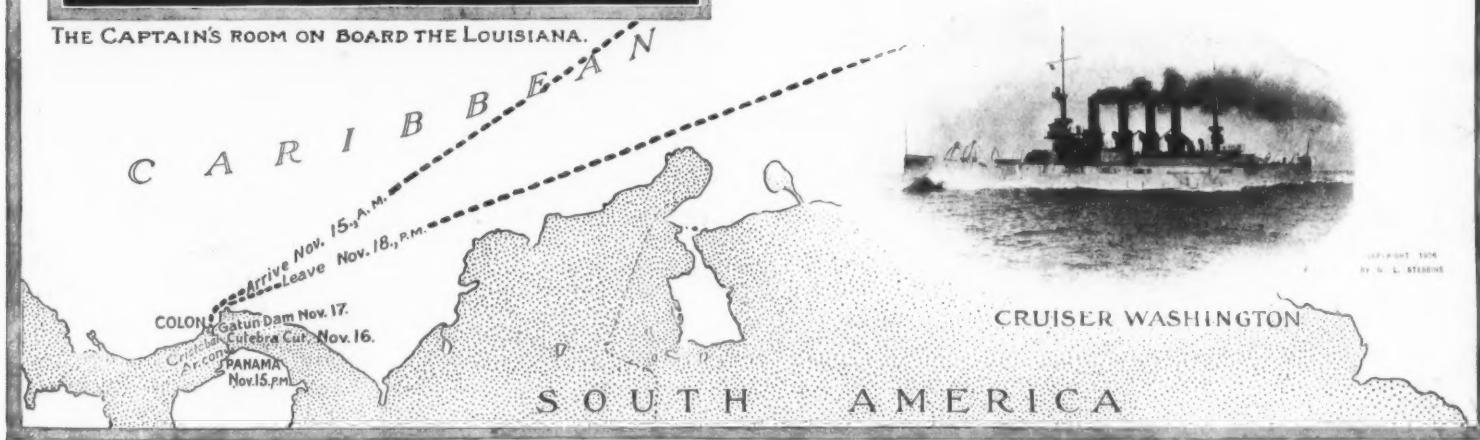
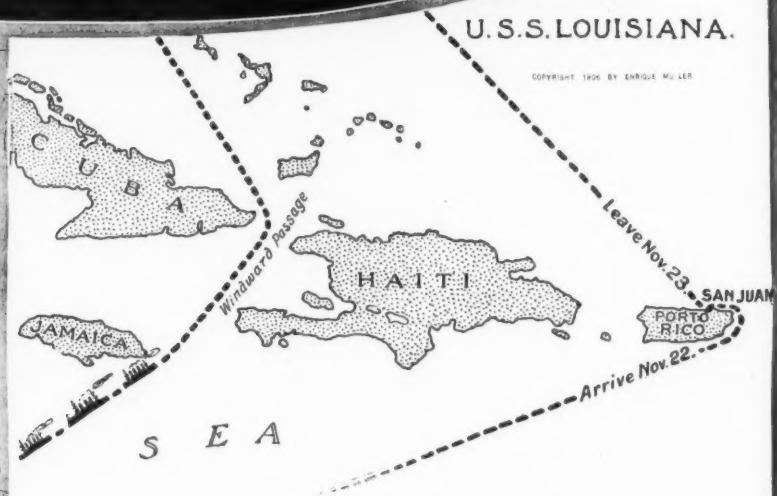
THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO PANAMA



THE PRESIDENT'S QUARTERS ON BOARD THE LOUISIANA



THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM ON BOARD THE LOUISIANA.



THE PRESIDENT'S ITINERARY.—Leaving Washington Thursday evening, November 8, on the "Dolphin," Mr. Roosevelt will proceed seaward until he meets the battleship "Louisiana" off Wolf's Trap Light, at the mouth of the Rappahannock River, on the morning of Friday, November 9. He will board the "Louisiana," which will be escorted by the cruisers "Tennessee" and "Washington." The squadron will reach Colon on the morning of Thursday, November 15. The President will go to Panama that same day, when he will receive and respond to an address of welcome from President Amador, and review a parade. Mr. Roosevelt will then drive through the city of Panama and dine with President and Mrs. Amador at the Presidencia. There will be a reception and ball in the evening at the Tivoli Hotel, Ancon. On November 16 the President will inspect the Canal Zone, including the Culebra Cut; he will visit the site of the Gatun Dam next day, November 17, and in the evening will attend a reception on the pier at Cristobal, given by the employees of the Canal Commission. Mr. Roosevelt will sail away from Colon, Sunday evening, November 18, stopping at San Juan, Porto Rico, Thursday and Friday, November 22 and 23. He will reach Washington Tuesday evening, November 27



INTERIOR OF PITTSBURG'S NEW CATHEDRAL

CARDINAL GIBBONS ABOUT TO CELEBRATE THE PONTIFICAL MASS

THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL, PITTSBURG

THE great new Catholic cathedral of the diocese of Pittsburgh, the Right Reverend Regis Canevin, bishop, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on October 25. Archbishop Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, was the consecrator, and a pontifical mass was celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons. Scores of distinguished prelates, including most of the Archbishops in the United States, were present. St. Paul's, as the new cathedral is called, is the third of the name in Pittsburgh. The first was begun in 1827, nearly eighty years ago, and burnt in 1851. The cornerstone of the second was laid six weeks after the fire. This building was torn down four years ago and succeeded by the fine Gothic structure just consecrated. While Pittsburgh has been enriched by an impressive specimen of ecclesiastical architecture New York has come into possession of a notable civic building. The new Hall of Records, just completed, is a sumptuous exhibit of the wealth of the metropolis. Its cost—ten million dollars—was perhaps extravagant, but a comparison with the squalid twelve million dollar Tweed court-house that faces it makes it clear that New York has advanced a long way in official honesty. Artists complain, however, that more money has been spent in lining the interior with meaningless marbles than would have been needed to decorate it with the works of the most famous sculptors and mural painters



NEW YORK'S TEN MILLION DOLLAR HALL OF RECORDS

THE photograph reproduced at the bottom of this page illustrates the ruin wrought in Cuba by the great hurricane of October 17. The beautiful Prado of Havana, whose prostrate trees the wood-cutters are preparing to remove, was one of the most attractive boulevards of the New World. Running from the outer harbor entrance at the Castillo de la Punta, it skirted the old city wall on the outside and ended at the principal park of the capital, the Colon or Campo Marte. Through the centre of the boulevard ran a double line of shade trees. Ninety per cent of these were uprooted or broken down by the hurricane. The fact that these trees had grown up and lived their long lives without ever having been overcome by a storm before seems to prove that this cyclone was the worst Cuba had ever experienced. Of course the devastation wreaked on the Prado was only one item of the hurricane's work. The entire western half of Cuba was ravaged, as well as the coast of Florida and the neighboring islands. Not only were the magnificent laurels that lined the Prado at Havana blown down, but every park in the city was ruined, and almost every tree except the palms was destroyed. The palm trees seemed to have a curious tropical adaptability to their hurricane environment. It will be a full generation before Havana's great boulevard can recover its old beauty



DEVASTATION OF THE PRADO, THE PRINCIPAL PROMENADE OF HAVANA, BY THE HURRICANE OF OCTOBER 17

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

JAPAN'S GRIEVANCES AGAINST AMERICA

A PAINFUL situation has suddenly developed in our relations with Japan. A section of the Japanese people has become infected with the idea that Americans are unfriendly to them, and the cordiality that has been unbroken since Perry introduced Japan to Western civilization half a century ago is endangered. Various little incidents have contributed to this state of things, but the one that has cut deepest has been the anti-Japanese agitation on the Pacific Coast, which recently culminated in an order of the San Francisco Board of Education excluding Japanese children from the ordinary public schools and confining them to separate schools along with the children of Chinese and Koreans. Of course, it is absurd to hold a whole nation, which has given so many proofs of friendship as we have given Japan, responsible for the acts of the politicians of a single city, but popular feeling is not bound by the rules of logic. There are more Japanese in San Francisco than in any other city on the American continent, and they have better facilities there for making their grievances known at home. The result is that there is serious talk in Japan of repeating the Chinese boycott of American goods. If things should come to that pass the results would be disastrous to San Francisco, whose prosperity depends upon Oriental trade. They would be still more disastrous if the Japanese, exercising that acute discrimination which was beyond the capacity of the Chinese masses, should confine the boycott to San Francisco and compel the steamer lines running to that port to transfer their business to Seattle.

The nominal reason for the segregation of the Japanese children in San Francisco was that some of them had trachoma. But the obvious remedy for that would be to examine all the children and keep out those afflicted, whatever their race. There are many Europeans with trachoma, but it would be a bold Board of Education that would propose to herd all the children of European parentage by themselves on that account.

The Japanese Consul at San Francisco protested against the segregation order and asked the Board to revoke it, but that body, on October 25, declined to grant this request and said that its action was based on a State law giving trustees the power to exclude "all children of filthy or vicious habits, or children suffering from contagious or infectious disease, and also to establish separate schools for Indian children and for children of Mongolian or Chinese descent." This law provided further that when such separate schools were established, "Indian, Chinese, or Mongolian children must not be admitted into any other." The Board added that it would be glad to have the law tested in the Federal courts. Its wish was gratified the next day, when Judge Wolverton, of the United States Circuit Court, issued an order directing it to show cause why one of the excluded Japanese pupils should not be reinstated. The action which led to this order had the warm approval of the National Administration, which is determined to see whether the affair can be brought under Federal jurisdiction as a question of treaty rights.

On October 25 the matter was made an international issue by the action of Viscount Aoki, the

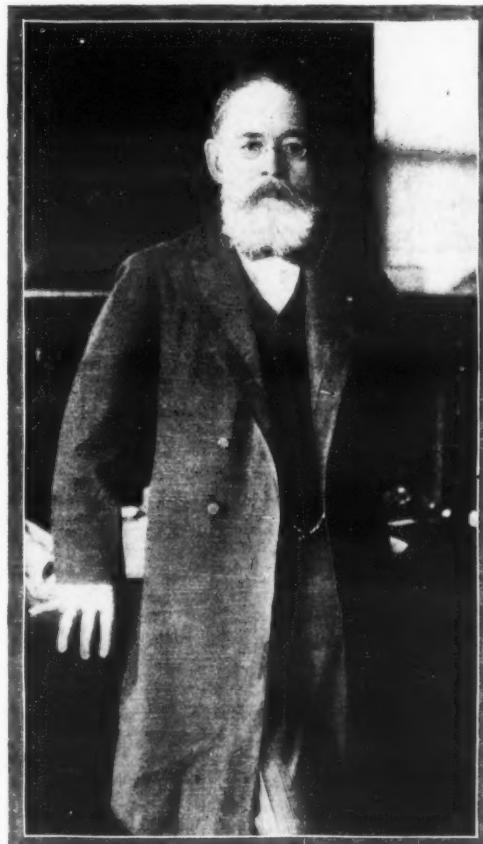
Japanese Ambassador to the United States, who protested to the State Department at Washington against the treatment of Japanese children at San Francisco as a violation of rights secured by the Treaty of 1894. This treaty provides that the citizens or subjects of each of the two contracting powers shall have full liberty to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the territory of the other, shall enjoy full protection of persons and property, shall have free access to the courts, and in all matters connected with the administration of justice shall enjoy all the rights and privileges enjoyed by native citizens or subjects, that they shall be on a level with natives in all matters relating to rights of residence and travel and the disposal of property, that they shall enjoy liberty of conscience and worship, and the right to bury their dead according to their

case of admission to public schools at all, not to speak of admission to any particular schools. There are many countries in which such a thing as a system of free public education does not exist. If the people of San Francisco choose to maintain such a system they do not seem to be under any legal obligation to extend its benefits to foreigners. And even if they were under such an obligation the educational authorities would surely have the right to assign pupils at their discretion to this school or that. It would be rather remarkable for international diplomacy to be called in to decide whether a child should be instructed in Public School No. 37 or Public School No. 64. If School Boards have the right, which is exercised in at least a third of the States of the Union, to provide separate schools for white and colored native-born citizens it would seem hard to deny them the right to have separate schools for foreigners. Indeed, the California State law, which is at the bottom of the present trouble, puts the Japanese on exactly the same footing with the very oldest native Americans—the Indians.

But the fact that the San Francisco Board of Education may be within its legal rights does not mitigate the folly and the mischief of its action. Never was trouble more wantonly invited. The Japanese immigration to the United States is insignificant in quantity and superior in quality to nine-tenths of the white immigration that we receive without question. As a class the Japanese are the cleanest immigrants we receive from any country in the world. They have none of the characteristics that made the invasion of Chinese coolies a danger that had to be checked even at the cost of incurring China's enmity. They are alert, adaptable, ready, and anxious to acquire American ways. Japan was our best friend among the nations. Her people are keenly sensitive; they have an intensely, even abnormally, developed sense of personal dignity and honor, and the agitation against them in California has wounded them to the depths. It is an agitation which, starting without any real popular demand, has been deliberately worked up for selfish purposes by reckless newspapers and politicians until now it has gone beyond the control of its authors, and public men are afraid to resist it.

The American people have the misfortune to be judged by a much stricter standard in their dealings with foreigners than the people of any other country. The fact is complimentary, perhaps, but it is burdensome. Holland can fight a war of extermination with the Achinese for a generation without criticism, but we have to explain our conduct every time we chase a band of larcenies in the Philippines. Although we saved China from dismemberment she boycotts our goods because we restrict Chinese immigration, but she does not boycott Australian goods, although Australia's exclusion policy is more rigorous than ours. Japan is cut to the heart by an anti-Japanese agitation in California, but she does not worry about a similar agitation in British Columbia, which belongs to an empire with which she has a formal treaty of alliance. It is evident that the United States is under "that fierce light which beats upon"—the object of the world's intensest interest. *Noblesse oblige.*

The President's anxiety to do everything con-



VISCOUNT SUIZO AOKI

Japanese Ambassador at Washington, whose protest against the treatment of Japanese school children at San Francisco has brought the issues between Japan and America to a head

religious customs, and that they shall not be compelled to pay any charges or taxes other or higher than those imposed on natives or citizens or subjects of the most favored nation.

From a strictly legal point of view it is hard to see what there is in this agreement covering the

sistent with national dignity to soothe the ruffled feelings of the Japanese was made manifest by his action in despatching Secretary Metcalf to San Francisco immediately to investigate the situation there and see whether a heart-to-heart explanation of the trouble they were invoking would not bring the local authorities to their senses. At the same time Secretary Root threw an anchor to windward by calling upon the Japanese Government for the punishment of the sealing poachers who had raided our rookeries in Bering Sea and then escaped to Japan, where no attempt seemed to have been made to disturb them.

A CITY BESIEGED

ASSAILED by two classes of criminals at once, San Francisco has been worked up to the state of mind that evolved the great Vigilance Committee just half a century ago. Common, vulgar thieves—hold-up men, pickpockets, and burglars—have made the town so unsafe that people have been afraid to venture away from their own doors after dark and enough revolvers have been sold to honest citizens to equip an army. At the same time the more subtle robbers who operate through police blackmail, franchise grabs, and swindling contracts have been plundering the afflicted city in bulk. Mayor Schmitz, who did good work for a time after the fire, has fallen back again under the control of his old political master, Boss Ruef, and the carnival of corruption has been more shameless than ever before.

The corruption of the Schmitz-Ruef machine was an old story long before the fire, and secret preparations to attack it in the criminal courts began last year as soon as it was found that it could not be overthrown at the polls. Mr. Francis J. Heney, the intrepid prosecutor who had enabled the National Government to put the Oregon land swindlers in the penitentiary, was consulted by a number of business men upon the question of purifying San Francisco. The cooperation of District Attorney Langdon was secured last January, and Mr. Heney arranged with Secretary Hitchcock to secure the services of William J. Burns, of the United States Secret Service. Mr. Burns was allowed to resign from the Federal service with the understanding that he would be reappointed after his work for San Francisco was finished. An investigation has been going on quietly ever since and has resulted in accumulating a mass of evidence sufficient, according to Mr. Heney, to send Ruef and his accomplices to prison.

Finally, on October 20, District Attorney Langdon announced that he had appointed Mr. Heney a deputy in his office to prosecute the boodlers. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels guaranteed a fund of \$100,000 to be raised by subscription to aid in the work. Mr. Heney was prepared to submit his evidence to the new Grand Jury, and the people of San Francisco confidently expected to see Ruef and his confederates indicted and lodged in jail.

At this crisis Mr. Gallagher, who was acting as Mayor in the absence of Mayor Schmitz, undertook to remove District Attorney Langdon and appoint Ruef, the boss who was standing in the shadow of the penitentiary, in his place. His action strained the tense patience of San Francisco to the breaking point. When the Grand Jury was to be sworn in five thousand people swarmed about the Court House, cheered Heney and Langdon and hooted Ruef. Mr. Langdon refused to surrender his office, declaring that it was a constitutional one, with which the Mayor had no right to interfere, and the boss seemed daunted by the evidences of popular wrath.

How intense the feeling was may be judged from the fact that so conservative a citizen as Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, told the pupils of the Los Angeles High School that if many more bad men came to San Francisco it might be necessary to "get rid of some of them by means of the scaffold." "Public feeling is wrought to such a pitch," said President Wheeler, "that should violence be done any of the reform chiefs, I do not believe public indignation would stop short of death to the perpetrators. Heney is a brave man. He knows that every time he walks into the court-room he takes his life into his hands. We stand by him."

If the boodlers thought they could paralyze the

arm of the law by having their chief appointed District Attorney, their delusion was dispelled by Mr. Webb, the State Attorney-General, who announced that if Ruef should secure possession of the local prosecuting machinery he would appoint Mr. Heney Deputy Attorney-General, with authority to probe the charges of corruption to the bottom.

But it was not found necessary to fall back upon this recourse. The courts of San Francisco proved adequate to the emergency. On October 29 Judge Graham decided that Mr. Langdon was still District Attorney *de facto* and that Ruef had no standing. Mr. Heney immediately began to weed out the partisans of the boss from the Grand Jury. Ruef had come to court escorted by a bodyguard of prize-fighters and a cordon of police. The court-room was filled with his retainers, who were freely admitted by the police, while respectable citizens were kept out and in some instances treated with brutal indignity. But Mr. Heney was as undisturbed when facing a room full of armed enemies as he had been when addressing a seething crowd of sympathizers, and he coolly kept on with the work of purging the Grand Jury list and smoothing the road of the boss to the penitentiary.

the ruler of the country of his new residence to make statements radically distasteful to his own government. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Professor Burgess, after reading President Roosevelt's letter, delivered an onslaught in the presence of the Emperor upon the Monroe Doctrine and protection, the press of Berlin took it for granted that he was expressing the private views of the Roosevelt Administration. The German editors could not realize that these ideas were purely personal, and, in the case of the Monroe Doctrine, not shared by any considerable body of American opinion.

CHICAGO WINNING

THE agitation led by Mayor Dunne of Chicago has not brought "immediate municipal ownership" of traction lines, but it has brought the companies in control of the city's transportation system to a frame of mind very unusual in such corporations. The Chicago City Railway Company, on October 26, submitted a proposition in which the Union Traction Company substantially concurred, offering terms that would make a traction manager almost anywhere else faint with horror. Both companies promised to put their property into first-class condition, and to sell it to the city on demand upon the first day of any year within twenty years. In the event of a failure of the Union Traction Company to accept its ordinance, the City Railway Company agreed to take both ordinances and operate one system for the whole city. The reconstruction and operation of the lines were to be supervised by a Board of Supervising Engineers, one appointed by the city, another by the companies, and the third by these two. The net receipts were to be divided between the companies and the city. The companies agreed to build a subway system in partnership with the city, investing not more than five million dollars in the first five years. The right of purchase for the first twenty years was to be limited to the city, but after that the lines might be taken over either by the city or by another company acting under its authority.

The amount required to put the dilapidated traction lines into shape was not definitely stated, but it was believed it would not be less than \$50,000,000. When taken over by the city the price was to be the cost of reconstruction, and the value of the unexpired franchises. The cars were to be of the best finish, style, and design, to be kept clean, in good repair, thoroughly ventilated, and heated to the temperature of fifty degrees, and each car was to contain a thermometer. Universal transfers, exchangeable between the systems of the two companies, were to be given, including transfers on transfers. The city was to have control of salaries and access to the books of the companies, which were to waive all rights claimed under previous laws and ordinances. The companies were to care for the streets within their right of way, and if required were to keep them clean and in good repair for their entire width for a reasonable compensation, and to remove refuse and garbage on the same terms. Trailers were to be abolished and cars run singly. Many minor advantages were offered.

To appreciate the full attractiveness of these propositions, one must be familiar with the present traction system of Chicago—the most dilapidated, ill-managed, and inconvenient endured in any large city in the civilized world. One must remember the long trains of filthy, decaying trailers, strung together to save the expense of separate motors, the antiquated roadbeds, the shabby and over-worked employees. The new offers of the companies would move Chicago from the rear to the head of the municipal procession in the matter of transportation. Yet, inviting as the proposals were, they were not good enough for Mayor Dunne, who said they would have to be materially improved before he could accept them. For her ability to be so critical in a matter concerning which most cities have to be satisfied with what the corporations are kind enough to offer them, Chicago has to thank the municipal ownership agitation. It really seems now as if the city may be in sight of the end of its traction troubles, for while Mayor Dunne objects to some details of the companies' offer he intimates that a compromise can be reached.



ALFRED MOSELY

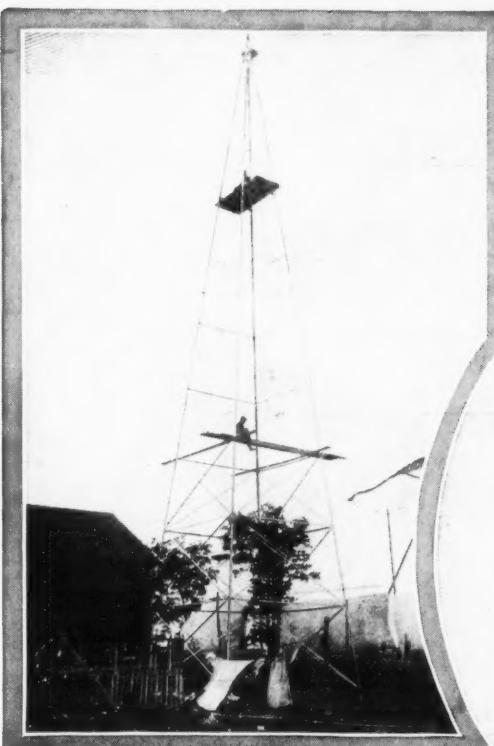
The English publicist who is bringing over five hundred British school-teachers to study the American system of education. Some years ago Mr. Mosely brought a delegation of workingmen to see whether they could learn anything from the processes that had given us our industrial supremacy

AMERICA AT BERLIN

THE inauguration of the Theodore Roosevelt Professorship of American History and Institutions at the University of Berlin on October 27 was made an international event. Professor John W. Burgess, Dean of the Faculty of Political Science at Columbia, who is to hold the chair for the first year, carried a message of amity from President Roosevelt, who referred to the historical and unbroken friendship between Prussia and the United States, beginning in the time of Washington and Frederick the Great, recounted the services rendered to the Union by men of German birth down to the present time, and dwelt upon the exchange of culture culminating in the founding of the new professorship. The Emperor honored the first lecture with his presence, and led his "fellow students" in a round of cheers for President Roosevelt.

A professorship launched under such conditions would naturally seem in Germany to carry a certain official authority. While in the ordinary course of his instruction a German incumbent of such a chair would exercise considerable freedom in expressing his own opinions, he would hardly venture in the act of presenting his credentials as an unofficial ambassador from the head of his own country to

AMENITIES OF THE RACE-TRACK

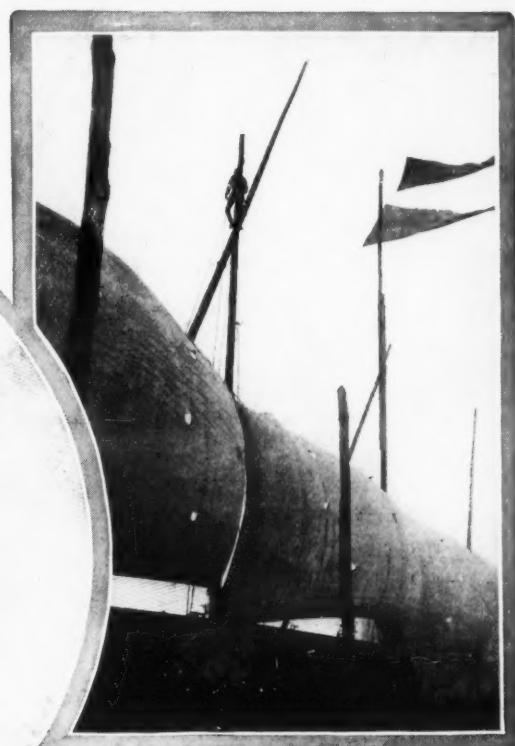


The poolroom men's steel observation tower at Jamaica, Long Island

THE GAMBLERS HAVE THEIR TROUBLES BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD



Sending up blankets and banners by kites to obscure the view from the tower

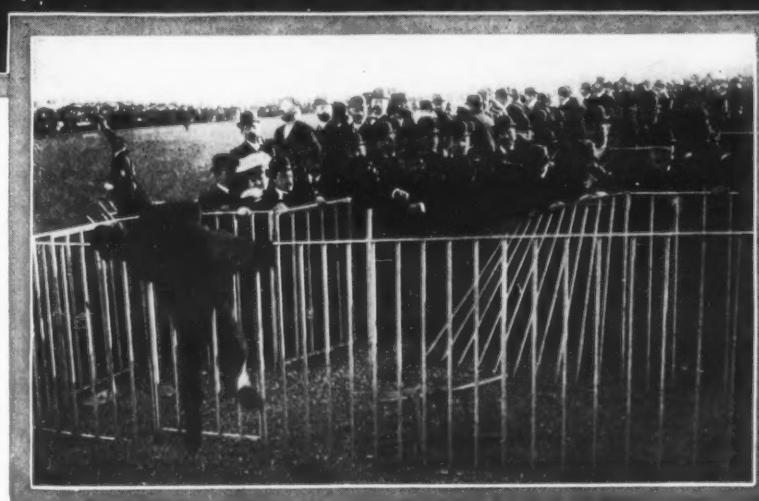


Canvas screens erected by the race-track police to shut off the view from the tower



Parisian method of expressing disapproval at the race-track

THE Parisians take their sports seriously, as the officials at the Longchamps race-course discovered when the favorite was left at the post in the third race on Sunday, October 14, and a rank outsider won. The crowd charged the track, wrecked the bookmakers' booths, cleaned out the cash boxes, and finally took gasoline from automobiles, sprinkled it over the betting pavilions, and set them on fire, taking the precaution to cut the hose and the harness of the engine horses, so that the firemen were helpless. The police and gendarmes could do nothing with the mob, and it was necessary to call for troops from the neighboring fort of Mont Valerien. Before the enclosure was cleared all the seventy-five betting booths were destroyed, as well as the tower from which the results were bulletined, and many men and women were injured.



Breaking into the paddock at Longchamps, October 14

Burning the betting booths at Longchamps after a riot over a false start

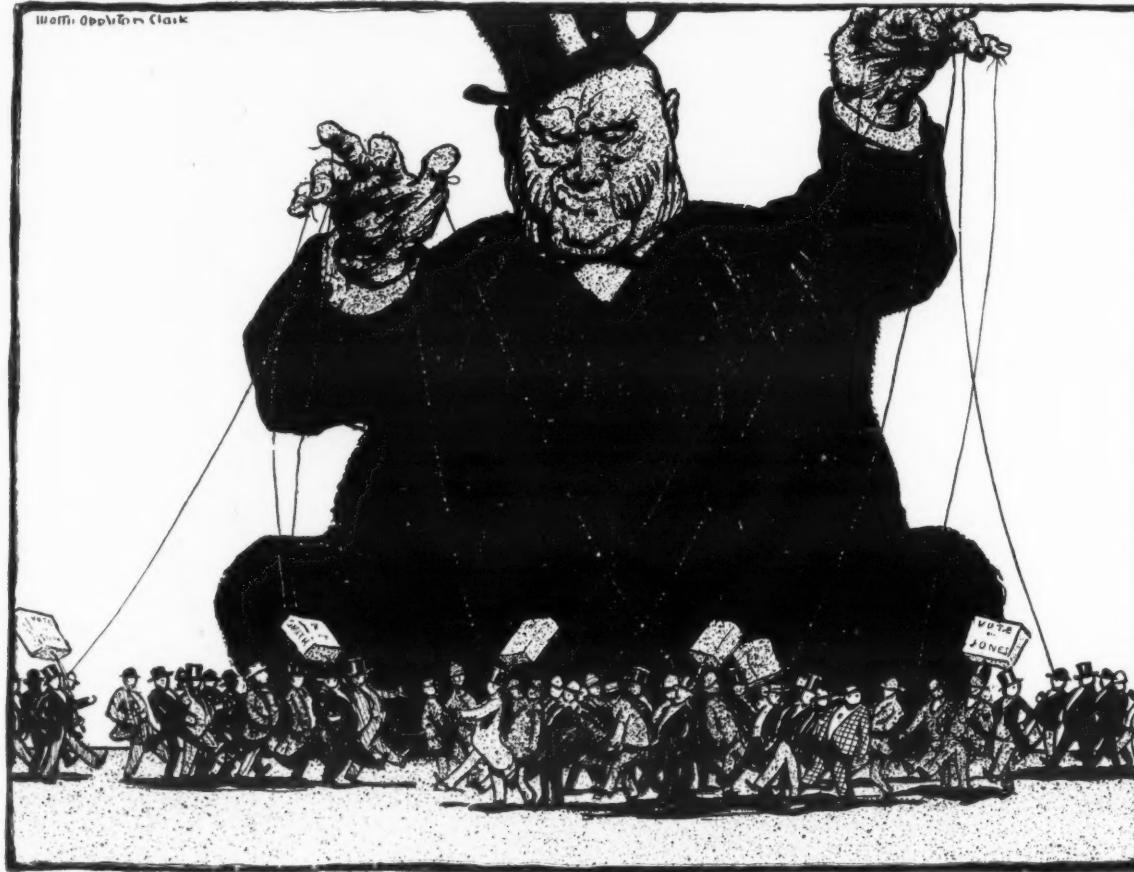
The crowd at Longchamps numbered a hundred thousand. Not satisfied with burning the betting booths, two attempts were made to burn the grand stand. Men waved rolls of banknotes from the bookmakers' hoards, gold and silver coins hurtled through the air, and men and women scrambled fiercely for the spoils, many of them emerging with cuts, bruises, or broken bones. What particularly inflamed the fury of the mob was the fact that the whole racing enterprise, including the betting system, the *pari mutuel*, was under a single management, and the crowd easily jumped to the conclusion that this monopoly had engineered the false start to rob the public. The riot, the worst ever known among the excitable throngs at the premier race-track of France, stirred up the stewards of the Jockey Club and brought the Longchamps season to an abrupt close.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

This is the second of a series of three articles which diagnose our civic ills. The preceding paper treated of "The County." The next article will deal with "The Nation." Mr. White interprets our political future with a wholesome optimism. He believes our public sentiment is far ahead of our public service and that our intelligent and honest voters are entangled in an antiquated system of politics which they are sure to overthrow.

The
Boss



Drawn by
WALTER
APPLETON
CLARK

THE STATE

EVER since governments were established there have been complaints about the corruption of public officials. And until recently—within the ten years last past if answer could be truly made to complainants that the corruption did not affect the cash in the public money-drawer, taxpayers have been fairly well satisfied. And in American politics, for many decades it has been true that the corruption of politicians has not affected the direct taxes of the people materially. The public money collected for schools has been spent wisely and honestly. And the public money collected for local government through the counties has been spent honestly, and with reasonably good judgment. County politicians are so close to the taxpayers that they find no temptation to be dishonest with public money; for it is so obviously the money of their friends and neighbors that to take it would be too crude an act of dishonor for the average politician of the type that prevails in the average American community. Moreover, the public business in the average American town or county does not require more than ordinary business ability, so in spite of the fact that the American county under our present political system is the nursery for the political crooks, who come to flower in State politics, and bear fruit in National politics, county taxes yield the taxpayers virtually one hundred cents of returns on the dollar. But approximately \$2 of every \$10 paid into the county treasury by the taxpayer goes to the State. And when the \$2 gets to the State capital, it has traveled from fifty to five hundred miles, and the men who get it do not know the men who paid it, and they are more inclined to trifling with it than are the county officers. Not that they steal it—or any appreciable part of it; so little money is taken out of the public strong-box by bald stealing that it is hardly worth while estimating it.

But after the taxes of the people get away from the vicinity of the actual taxpayers, often the public money is squandered, or is badly handled, and the people do not get full return for it. And the reason for this lies in the system under which the people conduct their politics. For the promotion to State offices from county offices is almost invariable. Likewise the State boss is always a county boss. He handles county and district candidates in State politics, using the methods of combination and manipulation that he learned when he handled township candidates in the county. The morals of the State convention are the morals of the county convention, and the rules of the game are the same. One must tell the truth within reasonable bounds; one must reward his friends, one must punish his enemies, and one must not take money for doing things, but, instead, he must recognize "influence" as the legal tender, and trade in it and for it and with it.

THE game permits the successful candidate to pay the election expenses of the unsuccessful candidate who throws his strength to the winner; the game permits the man who can not win to make the best possible bargain with the man who is about to win, and in the bargain the loser may get a place for himself, a place for his friend, an advantage or special privilege for his county, or he may trade with any of the other counters of the game. So the State ticket of a party which has a chance to win the election is made up by combination, by trading, by bargaining, and in most cases schemers and tricksters of politics triumph in the State convention over the men who are in politics from patriotic motives. The people may desire the honest men to win, but under our present convention system the people have no way of enforcing their mandates in a State convention; they are as remote and forgotten as the taxpayers. So the politicians have come to regard the State and all State affairs as their private property.

And State central committees of the various parties, and State officers, and State bosses, form a sort of grand lodge of American politics, which has its own signs and passwords, and is consciously proud of its high degree. And no matter in what poor esteem any of these past grands or noble has been, or worshipful tin-sword squire-goes is held at the grocery stores, or the coal-dealers', or at the bank in his county town, when he goes down to the court-house, and exemplifies the work of the grand lodge he always has an audience drooling with admiration. For he is "the object most sublime," which the average local politician hopes fondly to "attain in time." This picture may explain the motive of the township politician who is willing to help the local candidate for county treasurer elect a township delegation to the county convention; the township politician desires no office; he merely asks to "head the delegation" to the county convention; he hopes to be called into caucus when the combination is made; also when the township politician seeks his reward for services to the local candidate he does not ask for office. He asks the township to send him to the State convention, and when he goes a dozen times or so to the State convention he promotes the candidacy of the county treasurer for State treasurer, and whether the candidate wins or loses, the man who is handling his campaign goes up a chair or two in the grand lodge. He acquires fame in the State; he is summoned when the Governor or the United States Senator is considering matters of policy. He gets into the Legislature; he becomes a power. Usually he is ignorant, greedy, and cunning; but he and men of his type say how the public taxes shall be spent by the State, who shall run for the State offices, and what manner of State government the people shall have. When he is defeated for the Legislature he is put on a State board by the Governor, or is made deputy or assistant in a State institution, and finally, when he loses caste at home and can not be elected to the State con-



finally disappears down the alley driving the delivery wagon. Of such stuff are our country bosses made, and for many years they have been our real rulers, and will be so long as the present convention system prevails in this country. Only a few of these men are actually dishonest in the sense that the thief is dishonest who makes a business of stealing. Only a few of them would accept bribes, if they knew that they were being bribed. But all of them have a limited moral view, and it is a creed of the caste that the public business is theirs, and that whoso seeks to question their conduct of the public business is an enemy to society.

THIS system of politics, in which the mass of the people have little to do but to vote the tickets, is what those interests, seeking special privileges of the Government, found thirty years ago. The railroads, the brewers, the bankers who formed corporations to own and operate lighting and power and water plants, the food-makers, and the grain-dealers, and all those whose business profited by extra legal advantages over their neighbors, soon found—each in his own way, and little by little—that the men who controlled politics in this country got their places by trading influence, and that they were willing to trade official influence to hold them. The brewer did not have to buy the sheriff and the county prosecutor with money in order to secure immunity from the closing law for the saloons which handled the brewer's beer; the brewer only had to show the sheriff and the county attorney votes in the convention, and votes in the election, and the brewer's saloons were unmolested. And when the county prosecutor got to be Attorney-General of the State, the railroads did not have to give him money to get an opinion from him that the Safety Appliance bill before the Legislature was unconstitutional; the railroads merely had to furnish the prosecutor's home delegation and all his enthusiastic friends in Garfield County with passes to the State Capitol during the State convention, and to employ an able politician as attorney who could make the political combination with candidates for Governor and Secretary of State and State Treasurer, in which the county attorney became the party nominee for Attorney-General. Then having nominated the candidate, and having contributed through the State central committee to the fund which elected him, it was an easy matter for the political attorney for the railroad to show the Attorney-General the law, to furnish him with the decisions in the case supporting the railroad's view; and the opinion against the people came as a natural product of the system. Under the rules of the political game a man who would go back on a friend, the way the Attorney-General would have to go back on the railroad attorney, by standing by the people, was unworthy of public confidence and esteem. And thus for a quarter of a century the system grew. There was little direct bribery; but there was great corruption, and the hot-house of corruption in America was the State Government's. The county organization furnished merely the seeds and shoots and saplings of corruption.

GRADUALLY the system changed. In the seventies and early eighties the interests seeking special privileges dealt with individual men. Then some one made a discovery—that it was cheaper, safer, and infinitely more effective to deal with parties. Whereupon the chairman of the State central committee rose and became a power in Government. The railroads, the brewers, the stockyards, the packing-houses, the insurance companies, the gamblers in the cities, and all those who desired improper favors of a State Government made their contributions to the chairman of the State central committee of the dominant party in a State—or to the chairmen of both parties if the result were in any doubt, and in return for the contributions the chairman who took the money—and often kept part of it with the knowledge and understanding of the donors—agreed to protect them. The chairman held the party whip over Governors and State officers, and con-

vinced them that they would ruin the party by attacking law-breakers in high places. The State chairman sent money for election expenses to legislative candidates, and to county chairmen, and when the Legislature met that money gave the State chairman influence over individual legislators; also that money summoned county chairmen to the capital to work with the State chairman in the interests of the legislation he needed, or to show the Governor and the State officers that the State chairman's view was that of the people of the State. It was a great invention—that scheme of bribing a State by buying its party organization. And it has worked successfully for nearly a score of years. It was clean—in that it did not foster bribe-takers among legislators; it was legal, in that the money paid was paid to a shrewd man who required no explicit understanding of his bargain, but who responded without prompting when need came. It was entirely respectable because the good men running on the State ticket knew nothing of the forces behind them, and could be easily fooled when they showed signs of standing by the people. A few men got rich playing the game thus, but they were men who had proved themselves discreet by climbing above the common herd of politicians into the highest places in the party organization. So there were no scandals; the people were kept under the influence of a party narcotic, and the encroachment of special privileges went on. Under this system the cement of much of the "vested interests" was set in the foundation of capital in this country. Laws permitting watered stock were passed or allowed to stand and were sustained by the courts under the shadow of this system, even though those laws outraged every principle of equity and common sense. Laws which placed corporations above the people, without a soul to save or a coat-tail to kick, were passed and mortised into common acceptance by this system of politics. Laws that permit the rich to escape their taxes, and that protect the perjurer and the sneak who tricks the people out of their public dues, were fastened upon the government by our system of party bribery. These things were done not so much at Washington, and not so much at home in the cities and towns, as at the State capitals. And all the time the fairly honest voters were organizing party clubs, marching in the rain under party banners, cheering the reasonably honest men who were generally at the head of the party tickets; but in the meantime the fairly honest voters and the reasonably honest State officers were helping the big thieves to put their hands in the people's pockets. So the people did not condemn the men who made easy money out of State contracts as vigorously as these men should have been condemned. The people failed to see that when a State chairman got rich he was stealing from them.

THEY may have known vaguely that he got his money from the rich corporations, but the people could not see that the transaction affected them; so the system, which had never been explained to them in its real light, prospered and the people, who could not see that they were any better off when the Democrats ran the State than when the Republicans ran it, came to have a general suspicion and distrust of getting any real results in politics, and set themselves to making money, each man in his own way. And then one fine day about half a decade ago unmistakable signs of life began to appear in the chrysalis of politics into which our American institutions had been transformed, after the war between the States. In a score of widely separated communities men began to rise

in public life who ignored the rules of the game of politics, and worked there as real men work in the ordinary vocations—with directness, force, and obvious honesty. States began to have real Governors instead of dummies in high hats who reviewed the militia and ran for the United States Senate. Governor Roosevelt appeared in New York; Governor La Follette appeared in Wisconsin. Governor Crane appeared in Massachusetts, men who appealed directly to the people, even through the dead wall of party caucuses and conventions. The people began to understand what their politics really was, and they began to find in certain cities and States that they could grapple with the force of unblushing corruption, and could overthrow it. While they were overthrowing the big thieves the people began discovering the little thieves, the party hangers-on—the fleas of the system who annoyed rather than crippled the body politic. Of course, when one says "they," in speaking of the people who are engaged in the struggle to change the party system of this Government, one does not mean all the people. "They" in this connection means the reading, thinking minority of the people.

FOR instance, the association of shippers who started the agitation for the rate bill, and who composed the organization which convinced President Roosevelt of the justice of the demand for a new railroad law, numbered less than ten thousand men, and these men raised less than two dollars per capita to carry out their propaganda and maintain their organization. Ten thousand men is such a small part of the population of the United States that it is inconsiderable, and the sum spent by these men is so small that it is hardly worth mentioning, yet those men and this money aroused the whole country and made a public sentiment so irresistible that before it the forces of greed and corruption did not dare to stand. The railroads enlisted hundreds of thousands of employees and favored shippers, and favored communities, and spent millions of money trying to overcome the sentiment made by the aggrieved shippers. But with all their implements of power the railroads did not move public sentiment an inch toward their cause; instead turned the people against the railroads. And so the men who have been attacking the dead shell of party politics which has enveloped this nation have not been numerous. But like the aggrieved shippers in the contest with the railroads, these people have been right. They have managed to dramatize themselves—in some cases—as heroes of the people's contest, and have told the people in simple direct language exactly how matters stand with this country. Twenty years ago the same appeal would not have aroused the masses. They were not ready for it. The nation's wits had not been whetted long enough by the type metal cylinder grinding against the steel roller of the printing press, and a generation ago men were too weary from one great national strife to begin another. But now a generation is in the land that has known no war; a generation that scents the battle from afar, and instinctively it is looking for its gorgon. Therefore when this young generation sees accumulated wealth piling higher and higher in the money markets, and its surplus used for a corruption fund to work through the party system to curtail the rights and liberties of the people, the younger generation knows that its task is set for it; that its battle line is marked. The people are entering this fight with a directness and an acumen that is distinctively American because it is not preconcerted and thought out. Some subliminal sense of the whole people seems to tell them that the first skirmish must be with the politicians and their system of government. Until the nominating convention is abandoned, and the people can name their party candidates for all offices by a direct vote, the professional politician will win too many victories to make the people safe in the real contest. For the professional politician, even though he be honest according to the rules of his game, and even though he will not steal taxes, nor accept bribes uncoated by political conventions, is nevertheless the paid bushwhacker of the forces of crooked finance that are besieging this nation. And the professional politician is a State product, not a creature of national politics. The professional delegate to the county convention rides on a pass to the State convention, and when he becomes a professional delegate to the State convention, his trip pass becomes an annual pass. Then he gets a State office with small

(Continued on page 201)

Walter Appleton Clark.



...made their Contributions to the Chairman of the State Central Committee of the dominant Party...



CLEANING UP IN CHICAGO

As a result of recent raids on cold-storage houses, department-store refrigerators, and ice-cream parlors, five million pounds of decayed or impure food, valued at half a million dollars, have been destroyed



CROWD WATCHING A RAID BY THE CITY INSPECTORS ON A MARKET IN CHICAGO'S JEWISH QUARTER

CHICAGO is in a frenzy of "cleaning up." The Department of Food Inspection and Public Health is being run with a speed, a rush, and an enthusiasm rarely known in the slow leisure of political jobs. About twenty thousand pounds of impure food go to the bonfires every day; cold-storage warehouses are being turned inside out; department stores are working furiously to get their musty cellars cleaned out before the city inspectors catch them. The word "raids" in Chicago no longer applies to saloons and dives; it is most often heard in connection with grocery stores and candy factories.

For years there was one man in Chicago City Hall at the mention of whose name everybody smiled. He was fat. He weighed three hundred pounds, and everybody spoke of him as "the laziest man in the City Hall." His job was "Fish Inspector," and so everybody called him "Fish"—his baptismal name was Patrick J. Murray. By virtue of being powerful in the Thirty-second Ward he had the softest of all soft municipal snaps. "Fish Inspector" meant nothing whatever. There was an investigation of the City Hall at one time under Mayor Harrison, and nobody could discover that "Fish" Murray did anything at all except to draw his salary.

The passing of Mayor Harrison and the incoming of Mayor Dunne connoted troubous times for "Fish." He lost his sinecure as "Fish Inspector" and saw prospects of himself in the cold world without a job. By dint of much hustling he got a sixty-day appointment as a food inspector in the new administration. But sixty days would soon come to an end and "Fish" was all for doing something to lengthen his tenure. "Fish," said Dr. Charles J. Whalen, the new Commissioner of Health, "if you wish to stay on, you have got to make good." "Fish's" three hundred pounds of inertia were transfused into kinetic energy. He made good with a vengeance, and Mayor Edward F. Dunne immediately reappointed him. "Murray can have his job as long as he lives if he keeps up such work as he has been doing," was the word from the City Hall.

Murray does things on a big scale. He raids "merchant princes" and ghetto stores alike. He condemned and destroyed thirty thousand cans of peaches and corn in one of the largest wholesale grocery plants; confiscated tons on tons of moldy candy in one of the biggest department stores, seized eighty thousand pounds of bad hams in a great packing plant, and captured fifteen tons of cold-storage chicken in a single swoop. More than this, he made public the name of every violator of the law—a punishment that the malefactors dreaded more than they would fines of half their fortunes.

Since the public has learned

that it has a department that does things, complaints of bad food have been coming in by the hundred.

"Here are some chickens I bought last night. They are bad," and a small man cautiously began uncovering a basket.

"A man across the lake could tell that!" shouted Murray. "Take them outside and I'll talk to you."

"What do you want?" this to a dapper person who advanced with a letter. "Oh, yes, you're from — wholesale grocery. You've found forty dozen spoiled canned fruit? Yes, you're all finding spoiled canned fruit now. Want us to haul it away. Well, I'll send a wagon for it. That makes thirty thousand cans of spoiled fruit that I have on my hands right now."

Juiceless Lemons Refilled

"UNTIL I got busy," explained Murray, and he showed affidavits to prove it, "all the spoiled canned fruit, or most of it, was taken to a barn on the north side and 'reprocessed.' They cooked it over, put on new labels, and sold it for new."

"What in the world am I going to do with all this stuff? Where'll I dump it? Got into trouble over the last I disposed of. So easy to get into trouble. Buried a hundred cases of juiceless lemons that had shrunk and been filled with water and some kind of acid, to

make them look good. Kids dug 'em up and sold 'em. Women got sick. More trouble for me. Guess I'll burn those thirty thousand cans of fruit." And burn them he did, boxes and all. The sound of exploding cans was heard for blocks.

Murray humorously says the secret of his success lies in his nose. "I smell 'em out," he says in answering those who ask him how he found all this bad food. "I follow my nose, and it never fails me in this business."

It is a fact, "Fish's" friends will tell you, that he has the scent of an Indian. With this scent he trailed a bear—which had been killed, some citizens averred, when Chicago was only a blockhouse, and kept in storage ever since—over a great part of the north and west sides of the city. The dealer who had it on his hands was frantically driving from place to place with the carcass, endeavoring to sell it to some unsophisticated market owner. The odor which floated after the wagon resulted in the capture.

Murray himself heads the raiding parties. A "free lunch" famine in the downtown saloons resulted from one attack. "Fish" found and closed what is now referred to as the "clearing house for free lunch." The place was a sort of wholesale kitchen run by a man who has contracts to supply nearly all the downtown saloons with cooked free lunch.

"That was the dirtiest, foulest hole I ever saw in my life," said Murray. "The man buys the refuse of the big hotels and restaurants and spoiled goods from meat markets and groceries, doctors it up, and it becomes sandwiches, roast beef, soup or salad for free lunch."

Another discovery that shocked Chicago was the fact that a concern buys all the bad eggs in the market and by a process of "evaporation" and "desiccation," "condenses" them into a material which is sold to nearly all the bakeries in the city. This substance was used in the place of good eggs for the making of pies and cakes. Murray destroyed twelve thousand pounds of "condensed" eggs, arrested the proprietor, and closed the place.

Murray raided four big ice-cream factories, found they used coloring chemicals, gelatin, and a "glue-like" substance in manufacturing the product, and forthwith destroyed tons of the cream. He discovered tallow in cheese, rancid oleomargarin oil in cheese, seized several tons of "reprocessed" butter, and condemned thousands of bottles of "fake" flavoring extracts.

At the stockyards, in a single raid, Murray confiscated seventy-five thousand pounds of pickled hams which had been passed by Government inspectors, and which was worth \$7,000. On the same day he went to a cold-storage plant



POURING KEROSENE ON CONDEMNED FISH

and confiscated thirty-five thousand pounds of chickens. The rest of the chickens of the same grade—two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in all—was shipped East because of fear Murray would confiscate it, and now is supposed to be "chicken with hot biscuit" or "choice chicken croquettes," according to Murray. The cold-storage scandal is one of the biggest yet unearthed, poultry from one to three or more years old having been found on the market by Commissioner Whalen. The City Council is about to pass an ordinance—if unexpected opposition does not develop—providing a \$300 a year license fee for cold-storage houses, requiring that a time limit be fixed on the storage of all eggs, meat, etc., and providing for continual city inspection of the goods in the coolers. The first measure introduced was fought by the packers and cold-storage firms and temporarily defeated.

Like Murray is "Sol" Van Praag. Murray is head of the food inspectors, Van Praag is chief of the restaurant inspectors. He, too, was one of the old-school Democratic politicians, whose name spelt power and votes in the First Ward many years ago. But Van Praag fell upon evil days, politically and financially. Last spring

he was found working on the Lake Front city dump at \$2.25 a day—he had when powerful given away jobs worth five times the money, and in his palmy days he spent \$20,000 a year.

But, in his low state, Van Praag did not mope or sulk. As foreman of a gang of Italian laborers he did so well that he attracted the attention of the City Hall and was given his present position. In it he also has accomplished marvels in enforcing cleanliness in restaurants and hotels. One thousand restaurants have "cleaned up" sufficiently to secure the city licenses required by recent legislation of the council. Soiled aprons, greasy dishcloths, dirty napery, etc., are disappearing rapidly, for in places where they do not disappear permanently the license does not remain long. (Four hundred restaurants were inspected, but not given licenses.)

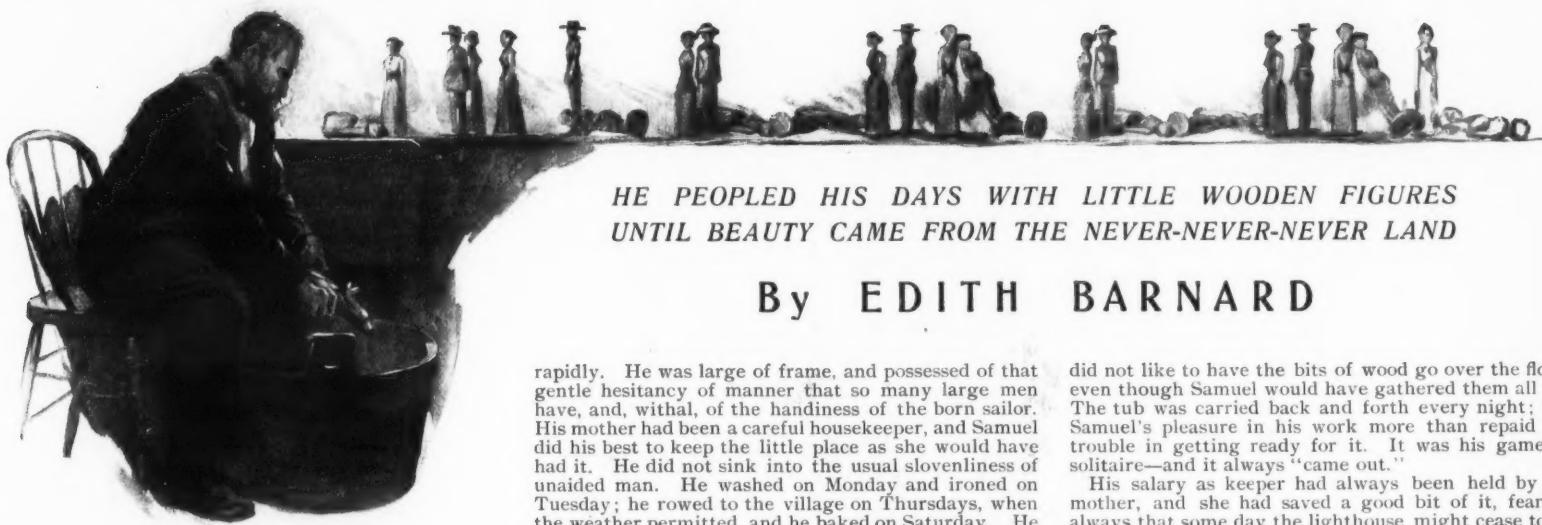
"Some of the places are becoming 'white palaces,'" said Van Praag. "I believe more calcimine, whitewash, and paint have been sold to restaurants in the last two weeks than in any two years previously since the World's Fair. We are cleaning out all kinds of filth. We generally go into a restaurant just after the

rush of a meal. It is while the dishes are being washed and the places cleaned up that we can best judge of the cleanliness. A great many of these places were in such condition that descriptions would be revolting."

In a single week Murray and Van Praag, with their men, destroyed more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds of foodstuffs in the downtown district alone, and this—at that period—was not an unusual week's work. At the Union Stockyards a week later more than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of meats were condemned. Seventy-five fruit stores were raided in one week, with eight wholesale groceries, five candy factories, three evaporated egg concerns, three baking-powder factories, ten ice-cream factories, and thirty bakeries.

All this because three city officials, filled with vigilance and energy, are enforcing the law without fear or favor, backed by an aroused public opinion. Above Murray and Van Praag is Dr. Charles J. Whalen, the new and aggressive Commissioner of Health. In the last eight months, 5,051,262 pounds of foodstuffs unfit for human consumption have been condemned, against 798,748 pounds in a corresponding period of last year.

THE KEEPER OF A LIGHT



*HE PEOPLED HIS DAYS WITH LITTLE WOODEN FIGURES
UNTIL BEAUTY CAME FROM THE NEVER-NEVER-NEVER LAND*

By EDITH BARNARD

rapidly. He was large of frame, and possessed of that gentle hesitancy of manner that so many large men have, and, withal, of the handiness of the born sailor. His mother had been a careful housekeeper, and Samuel did his best to keep the little place as she would have had it. He did not sink into the usual slovenliness of unaided man. He washed on Monday and ironed on Tuesday; he rowed to the village on Thursdays, when the weather permitted, and he baked on Saturday. He never went to church, but he knelt beside his bed every night, and said the simple "Now I lay me," which his mother had taught him many years before; and, strange to say, he had never left off the prayer of blessing for father and mother—his verse always ended with the childish "God bless pa and ma, and bring pa safe back home."

In the summer visitors came occasionally, but his mother had always played the part of guide, and Samuel was agonizingly shy before them. Nevertheless, he liked to have them come, especially the children; but the Point seemed emptier than ever when they left. The children pleased him most because they always noticed the little figures he whittled; there were rows of these little forms on the mantel of the kitchen, which served

as parlor and sitting-room too, and still more rows on the window-sills. The creative instinct of the big man-creature somehow found expression in carving crude little figures of wood; they were his offspring, and to his imagination they each had distinct personalities. As a matter of fact, they were all pretty much alike—the little men had straight little legs without knees, and the women had skirts whose simplicity was modeled on the unadorned garments of his mother. The women all wore their hair in knobs, and the men had closely cropped hair or wore little round hats of the Bobby Shafto type.

Samuel did his carving in the evenings, after the light was lit and the supper things neatly put away. He was apt to hurry his supper on Friday, for that was the night when he set bread to rise. He kept his sharp jack-knife and his bits of wood on the highest shelf of the cupboard; he would bring them out and put them in his chair, for his mother did not like the box set on the table-cloth; then he would go to the little shed outside the kitchen door and bring in a large round wash-tub, into which he whittled, for his mother

did not like to have the bits of wood go over the floor, even though Samuel would have gathered them all up. The tub was carried back and forth every night; but Samuel's pleasure in his work more than repaid his trouble in getting ready for it. It was his game of solitaire—and it always "came out."

His salary as keeper had always been held by his mother, and she had saved a good bit of it, fearing always that some day the lighthouse might cease to be theirs. She had never allowed herself any luxuries, and Samuel scarcely knew that luxuries existed; but there were two things which he longed for greatly: one, that he might whittle without the tub, let his chips and shavings go over the floor or anywhere, that his long legs might stretch themselves comfortably out in front of him, instead of bending themselves around the sides of the large tub, as they had to do; the other was that he might possess a paint box. He had once seen an artist at work on the rocks, and had watched him laying on formless color which grew into vivid life on the canvas; and there was a wooden paint-box in a shop on Greenwich Street of which he often dreamed: if he might only buy that, he could give the very tints of life to his little men and women. After his mother's death

it occurred to him that he could have both his wishes; and so, one night after supper, he sat himself down to whittle on the carpet; but his hand was awkward and shaky that night and the night after, and on the third night he brought in the tub again as before. The paint-box he bought; he had never spoken of that to his mother, and so she had not forbidden it, and there seemed no great disloyalty in buying it. Thereafter he found great joy in coloring his figures, although for a long time the problems of green and purple absorbed him; but before the second winter passed his manikins bloomed in every color of the rainbow.

It was during the second summer of his loneliness that She came. Angels have a way of taking us unawares, when they come at all, and she came without further warning than the glint of sunlight on a pair of oars. The young man who rowed helped her from the boat, and lazily said that he would stay outside while she explored the lighthouse. At that time Samuel was fifty-three, and she had just turned twenty; Samuel was worn with weather and looked older than his years, and she was lovely with the glamour



His carvings interested her immensely

of youth, and with the grace and sweetness that youth alone can not give.

She knocked at the open door of the kitchen, and smiled at Samuel in a simple, friendly way. For the first time in all his life he stood face to face and alone with a young and beautiful woman. There was a child-like quality in her manner of making acquaintance which at once disarmed his shyness, and before they reached the level of the light they were talking like old friends. He showed her how he took out the big lenses to clean them, and she understood and voiced his pride in their brightness. As they looked out of the window across the calm sea, she spoke of the feeling that she had when the sea was not calm, and when the light—his light—shone through the mist like a pale red reflection, warning ships off the Point. Then he told her some of the things the sea and sky said to him, and he knew that they said the same things to her. They stood by the window for a while in silence; when people can be silent together they must be friends, indeed.

Later she came down into the kitchen again, and said that it was the neatest place she had ever seen. He told her about his housekeeping, even to the washing on Monday and baking on Saturday; she listened with the cordial interest of one village housekeeper toward another, without a smile, asking questions that were sensible, not curious, and even making a suggestion or two. She sat in his mother's rocking-chair, and he brought out cake and pie; she chose a piece of the pie, and he said he preferred that, too.

His carvings interested her immensely; she held every one, and she showed him a new way to paint hair. There was never a laugh in her eyes, nor in her heart, at the big man's simplicity; instead, there stirred within her that motherly tenderness which the most immature of women can feel toward a helpless man. In some dim way she realized that the keeper was talking with her more freely than was his wont, that she was making a bright place in a life that was being lived out in monotone. Before she left he had told her about his father, about his mother, about his lonely years; and she, half-musing, found somewhere the right words to say.

He never forgot the picture she made, in the high-backed rocker beside the window, looking over the row of his little men and women out to sea. Something of the light without mingled with the light that shone always in her face; it lit a depth of the man's heart into which no ray had penetrated before.

"Yes," she said slowly, "it must be dreadful to have lost so much. But—but, I think, I'd be willing to face great dangers, loneliness, everything, for what I love, just as you have for your mother and father and the sea—the sea and the people on it! It is a great thing to keep a light!"

Samuel flushed; it had never so presented itself to him before, but he knew at once that she was right, that it was a great thing to keep a light.

She went on—and who can tell from what height the thought came to her? "You serve what you love best, don't you? Having lost it doesn't really matter, when you can keep on living! I don't think that to have a thing means nearly as much as to love it."

Ah, blessed, indeed, are the pure in heart, to whom the face of God is shown!

Before she left she asked him for one of his carvings—a little man in a bright blue jacket and brighter green trousers, whose little boots were surely blacker than any other boots in the world, whose Bobby Shatto hat set on his head with the jauntiest air imaginable, and whose little arms tirelessly held out a pair of diminutive oars, which twirled around when the wind blew upon him. That was the one she held longest, and finally asked him to give her. Samuel flushed with the happiness of the artist over his first bit of appreciation; people had, indeed, offered to buy his figures, but no one had ever before asked one as a gift! He told her that, if she would wait, he would rather carve one especially for her; he had visions of the care he would put into it, of the excellence it should have when finished. She was leaving the shore on the morrow, she said, but she would be back the next summer; would he, perhaps, come to see her then, and bring the figure to her? His eyes brightened; would he not, indeed! He guided her down the rocks to the boat, whence the young man had been calling for some minutes, and pushed the boat off, waved in response to her wave, and watched them out of sight.

She had been on the Point perhaps an hour, and his world was a new place. That afternoon he was filled with excitement; he went over every word they had spoken, touched every place where her hand had rested, recalled every look and turn of her face and figure; for the first time since his mother died he did no whittling at night. He climbed the stairs again and again to see if the light was burning; he walked to the edge of the rocks and stood while the salt spray dashed into his face. He was moved almost to sickness by the passing of a ship; its lights beckoned him, beckoned him from this ledge of rock where he had neither wife nor child, father nor mother, friend nor dog to keep him company. For days he was possessed by a miserable restlessness which he had never known before; then, coming in one afternoon in time to light the lamps overhead, he staggered in the doorway. There was his mother's chair. She had sat there, she, and he almost believed that she was sitting there now, and that he heard again the words:

"It doesn't really matter, when you can keep on

loving! I don't think that to have a thing means nearly as much as to love it!"

"I guess you're still here, anyways—ain't you?"

He flushed at the sound of his words, but once having broken the silence between himself and his memory of her, the rest was easy. Day by day he became more accustomed to her seeming presence; day by day it became more real. He talked to her as he worked, as he had never talked to a living being. He did not know her name, but he called her Beauty; that, in his imagination, fitted her precisely.

For a while her presence went with him everywhere, except to the village; after having returned to her several times he found such joy in it that he used to try to lose her in the lighthouse, to come upon her around corners, as it were, for the mere delight of finding her again. Then, when her presence was there with him suddenly, he would chuckle with delight.

"Foller me aroun' jest like a little gal, don't ye?" he would fondly ask.

He was sure that she offered to help him with his work, but the manifest difficulty of her doing so did not appear, because he always at once refused.

"Now you know I couldn't let you sile your pretty little white hands with this here kerosene, could I?"

could complete him, he was polished and seasoned again, and then painted. He stood on the mantel for three months, waiting until July should bring her back to the shore.

Samuel looked forward with no misgiving to his call upon her, and the presentation of his gift. It was impossible that she should, in her living presence, differ at all from what she was in his imagining. When the spring came he began his preparations. Looking at her chair beside the window one day, he had an inspiration which took him to the village the next morning, although it was not Thursday. He brought home a parcel which he undid on the table, chuckling with delight.

"Guess what I brought, Beauty?" he asked. He proudly held up a length of some white stuff, printed over with gaily hued flowers. "Look at that, now! Ain't it fit for a queen? That's jest why I bought it, Beauty! It's winder-curtains!"

It did, indeed, become window-curtains, after many days and nights of toil. His fingers managed the needle and thread very clumsily. The stitches were not of even length and distance, but the curtains transformed the plain little room, although they kept out part of the light. She liked them, however, and that was the main thing.

Another day he brought home a fine chenille tablecover, and again some flowering plants; her place by the window should be made fit for her.

Then, when July came, he set his house in order. He began at the top of the lighthouse, and scrubbed the stairs all the way down; he scrubbed all the floors and all the woodwork; he rubbed up the old, cheap furniture with kerosene until it shone for very pity of his effort, and he polished everything else that could be made to shine. The day that he had set for his visit came at last, and the sun shone with a pleasantly tempered radiance. He wrapped the manikin carefully and secured it on the bow seat of his boat; often as he rowed he looked over his shoulder to make sure that it had not blown away. But the manikin was as well behaved as the weather, and Samuel came in safety to the wharf in front of the hotel. He made his boat fast, took the bright little figure out of its papers, and stepped to the wharf.

The hotel people were out in gay afternoon costumes. Samuel looked neither to right nor to left, but walked directly into the house to ask for her. A man behind a counter asked her name—and Samuel stood as one stunned. He did not know her name. To ask for "Beauty" would be absurd, and that was the only one of her names that he knew. As he stood awkwardly before the elegant, supercilious young man a feeling of weakness took hold of him; She had asked him to come, and he had come; yet, although her presence had been with him all through the year, and he knew well the turn of her head and the look of her eyes and the tone of her voice, he did not know her name.

Some one whom he took for a tall, slender lady was coming down the stairs. When she saw him she paused for a moment, then came more quickly down and toward him. He knew her by her smile—she looked up at him with the sweet, wistful look of the picture, and smiled a little one-sidedly.

"I've been expecting you," she said. It sounded very much like the things Beauty always said when he came back from town. She did not know his name either, but she led him at once to a place where they could talk. He gave her the manikin, and she noticed at once that the colors were different from those of his old paint-box.

"Oh," she said, "the old paints would have done! But I like these better."

Samuel laughed; yes. She was Beauty, not different in word or look. Several times girls and young men came to take her away, but she always shook her head; not once did Samuel doubt that she would rather stay with him than go with them—which was, indeed, quite true. She even wanted him to stay to tea, then remembered the lights. She walked beside him over the grass to the wharf; her skirts made a faint swishing song that reminded him of the lapping of little waves on a calm day, and the color of her dress was like the purplish gray of a hazy morning.

She watched him untie his boat, saying:

"Oh, can't I help you? Please let me!"

Samuel laughed up at her; it was precisely the question she had asked, during the winter, a hundred times.

"I couldn't let you sile your pretty little white hands for me," he replied.

He paused in the door of the kitchen, perhaps a little anxiously; but there she was. There, in the chair by the bright window-curtains. She rose to greet him, to say: "I've been expecting you," to smile in her whimsical way, to look up at him with her sweet, sidelong glance. Only now her dress was long and soft, and of an indescribable color, like the mists of the sea.

As he mounted the steps to the lamps overhead he laughed a little to himself. As if it were possible that she had been left behind, there at the hotel! She was here, in the lighthouse, standing beside him even as he looked out of the window at the star that was just beginning to glow above the sunset.

He turned, just before he went down, to look toward the shore; in the distance the lights of the hotel twinkled like tiny fireflies. Beside him was his own light, the light that shone over the rocks out to sea.

He went down the stairs, happily content, and set about getting supper. When he sat down at last to his whittling he looked up at the picture and said:

"As if I could let her sile her little hands for me!"



She watched him untie his boat

•THE—HAUNTED—COAT•

By—Georgia Wood Pangborn—Illustrated By—Clara Elsie Peck



DN the afternoon of her graduation day Betty went up garret, because she felt uncertain and new, needing the grave companionship of things that had stepped aside with honorably rounded careers, to meditate among cobwebs. The June sun was warm on the roof, bringing out the smell of old resin from the knots in the rafters. Cobwebs here and there catching the sunlight upon their dust, demonstrated something geometrically with golden lines and angles against dark corners. A mud-wasp grumbled up and down the dim window, and in the street a hand-organ droned a march.

Betty, as clean and new in her white gown and slippers as a butterfly still hanging to its cocoon with creases in its wings showing how it was packed, perched awkwardly upon her old high-chair, and wondered what she ought to be thinking about. Life was solemn. Everybody had said so that morning. Her own essay had been to that effect, with many quotations to prove the point. "Life is real, life is earnest." The world, in effect, needed a number of things done to it, and young people who were just commencing bore heavy responsibility.

The discarded furniture and rubbish seemed taking counsel together. "Is it so solemn?" The cradle asked that, and a cross of wax flowers under a glass shade answered:

"Why should it be so? One lives as long as one is pretty or useful, or thought to be so; then one comes up here. That is all."

"It is very quiet," said a broken toy drum, across whose head lay a dejected doll in hoop-skirts; but a haircloth sofa replied with dignity:

"Well, what then? Quiet is a good thing." The opinion of an old leather trunk, hardly perceptible in a dark chimney-corner, seemed less simple of interpretation. Her mother had shown her what was in it, crying, and that grief had bewildered Betty to whom all time before she was born seemed remote. The desire of idle hands to pry and seek came upon her, the lid went back with a shrill cry, and the smell of faded disintegrating things came up. She lifted the yellow linen cloth and admired the martial glitter of the uniform beneath, patting the smooth black broad-cloth, and running her fingers over the yellow buttons. How fine that young uncle of hers must have looked in it! The girls in the queer dresses of those days must have thought so. When he wore it he was only a few years older than Betty, and he had died before he knew anything about being old and bald, when he looked as he did in the picture downstairs, like the young men Betty knew, except for wearing odd-looking collars and those locks of hair in front of his ears.

She folded the coat over the trunk lid so that the rows of buttons presented a martial front. The long tails showed white silk lining; the epaulets must have been gorgeous when his trim young shoulders were under them. This was the sort of coat one wore to balls; had he loved to dance then as much as Betty did now? Had he been very sorry to die? Once that coat had been an unimportant part of him—now it was all that remained, stitches, shoulder-padding, a little spot that might have been wine, the buttonholes showing how they had been buttoned and unbuttoned—but he was quite unreal, who had once been as real as Betty herself. Did one stop being real? Would Betty's graduating gown outlast Betty?



YOUNG man stood by the trunk looking down upon its contents with a thoughtful air.

"You are a—dream, aren't you?" whispered Betty.

"That's all."

But his voice was wistful as if he wished he were more than that. Then he smiled dimly.

"How fine I used to feel in that! There's nothing like a little gold braid to set a fellow up." He touched the epaulets caressingly. There was a ball—do they play the 'Blue Danube' now?"

"Not often, but we're going to have it to-night."

"To-night? What's to-night?"

"My graduation reception. We have a little dance afterward, you know."

"Is that so? I'd have liked to go first-rate—thirty years ago—you'd have given me a dance, wouldn't you? Can I forget that night in June?" he hummed. "And it's as real to you now as it used to be to me—I say—"

He was putting on the coat.

"The silk is falling to pieces, and the moths have been at the sleeves." He sighed as he buttoned it over his chest. "It's odd how fond one is of the little things one leaves behind; they aren't of any real consequence, yet we keep buzzing about like bees over honey—and it's foolish to come back, yet we're always doing it. Can I forget that night in June?—May I have the honor?"

He bowed before her with crooked elbow. Something happened to the garret; there were glimmering lights and shadows of another place, as when you take two photographs on the same plate, and these strength-

ened and brightened until there was a great room banked with flowers and palms; an orchestra at one end played the "Blue Danube," and there was such a crowd of people in gay queer clothes as Betty had never seen in all her days.

"May I have the honor?" said the trim young officer again, still bowing and offering his arm. His coat looked very new indeed. One could not imagine moth holes and tattered linings. She slipped her hand under his elbow and was whirled into the rustling crowd—all drifting together like autumn leaves while the band played the "Blue Danube."

"How do you like it?" whispered her uncle. "It's my first official ball. I couldn't come to yours, you see, so I've taken you to mine. It's old-fashioned, I know—but—once it was real!"

"I'm just dreaming it?" said Betty doubtfully.

"Of course. What else could there be now? What are you looking sad for? It's not gloomy. Why should things be sad just because they're over?"

Yet the dream ladies, though they smiled and bowed and waved their fans as they circled softly about in their funny hoops, might have been saying to themselves or whispering to their partners: "How nice it would be if it were only real!"

"You mustn't cry," said her uncle anxiously; "please don't! It will go—whisk—if you do, for it's only a dream—about—There she is! Look quick! That dark girl with red roses at her breast, and one in her hair. She had to come. It was her dream, too. She had promised me a dance, and I can't give it up, even for you, though you are real. Stay here, Betty, and keep the dream steady for us."

Betty stood by a pillar while he departed swiftly, and tried stoutly to hold the dream to its moorings, though sometimes it would waver, like a fog before a wind, showing a garret rafter through the chandelier, or an outcropping of the leather trunk where should be a red sofa with two pale ladies sitting on it.

Her uncle and the dark girl did not dance together long, but went out under an archway which looked cool and dim, and Betty was left alone, watching the people. At first she had to laugh a little at the hoops; presently her opinion changed, the hoops seemed the only proper dress in the world, and it was she who was absurd and out of date. One's hair, moreover, should be parted in the middle, brought down over the ears with a rigid smoothness, then curl accurately in the neck, and have a moss-rose or camelia tucked into it. Betty gathered her slim skirts even more tightly about her and stood close to her pillar. How real they seemed! Would Betty's graduating reception ever be like this?

"Here she is!" said her uncle. He was smiling. The dark girl was on his arm, and no longer wore a rose in her hair, for it had changed to the buttonhole of the young officer's coat, and smelled so sweet that Betty's face suddenly quivered and wrinkled.

"You mustn't cry," said her uncle anxiously.

"It's the music and the rose!" gasped Betty.

"If you cry, you'll spoil everything," pleaded the dark girl, clasping her hands. "Oh, please don't cry!"

"There isn't anything to be sorry about, Betty. I thought it would give you pleasure."

"But—it's all over, and you died. You were happy about her and the rose, and all, but nothing ever came of it, and it's so long ago!"

"We had this evening, didn't we?—besides—"

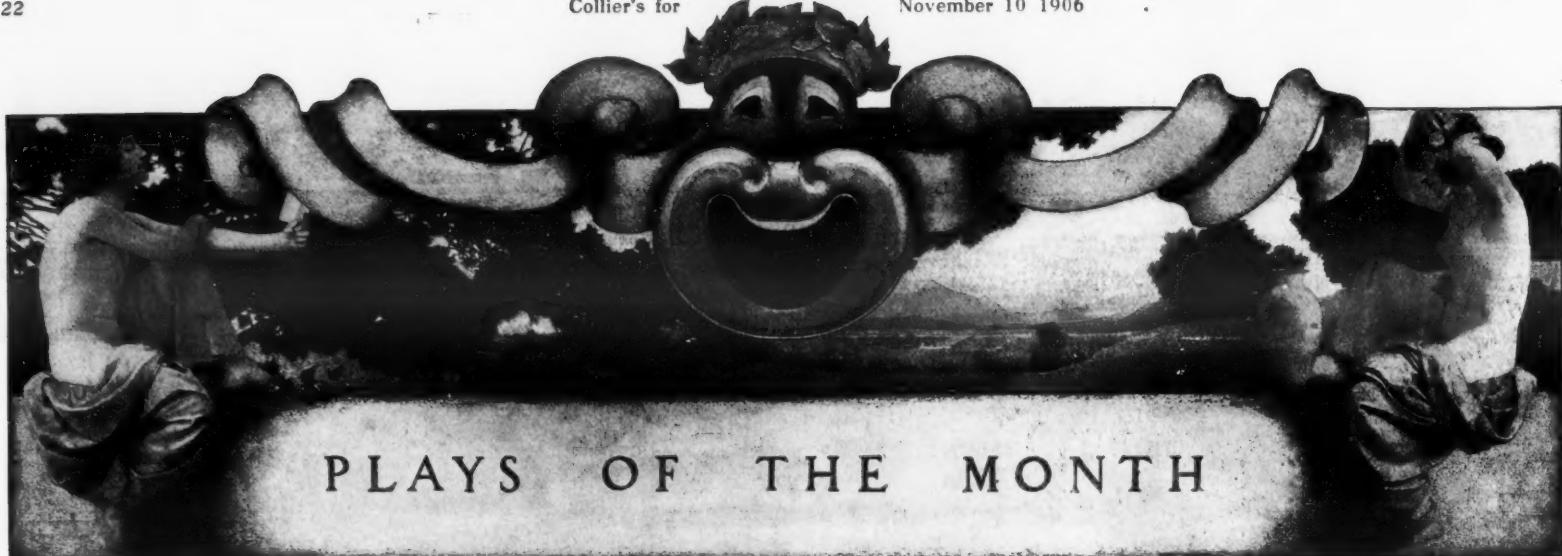
The girl caught Betty's uncle around the neck and pointed at Betty's face.

"It's rolling down her cheek—when it falls—"

The tear splashed from Betty's chin to the floor, the room wavered and broke into ripples like a lake with rain on it, and the brown rafters shut down. One glimpse of two reproachful young faces looking back at her, and then there was only the open leather trunk with the coat thrown across it, one empty moth-eaten sleeve dangling to the floor. The sleepy sunlight still lay on the cobwebs, and the wasp grumbled up and down the window.



A young man stood by the trunk



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

PLAYS OF THE MONTH

BY ARTHUR RUHL



Wm. Vaughn Moody
Author of "The Great Divide"

MISS RUTH JORDAN came from Milford Corners, Massachusetts. The Jordan house was of the old-fashioned New England pattern, and from the walls of its sitting-room the Puritan ancestors of the family stared down a thin-lipped warning against being too happy in a world built for self-abnegation and sacrifice. The young woman and her brother went out to Arizona to live on a ranch in the Gila Desert country. They took most of their mother's money with them, and they hoped to make something out of cactus

way home from a dance, drunk, saw her light. They waited until she had put it out, then smashed in the door. She tried to shoot, but her rifle missed fire, and she was left helpless. With her back to the wall, two of the men—a Greaser and a sodden bronco-buster—snarling and ready to shake dice for her, she threw herself on the mercy of the third, the best man. If he would save her from the others and from himself, make her his legal wife, she would go with him. "On the level, and not peach, not desert him?"—be what he had been looking for all these years, the woman that somehow he felt he had found, the moment he first caught sight of her standing at bay there in the candlelight? He was quite sober by now. "Yes," she said, burying her face. She would stick by her word. She was enough of a Puritan for that. So Stephen Ghent pulled the chain of gold nuggets from his neck and bought off the Mexican with that; he and the other man went outside and shot at each other and Ghent came back. While he was dictating a note which Ruth was to leave, telling her brother that she had gone away to be married, Ghent walked across the room and stood with his back to her. He had left his gun beside her elbow. She saw it and, trembling, lifted the muzzle slowly up to her temple, but the love of life was too strong. "I can not! I can not!" she sobbed and buried her face in her arms. Then Ghent took down her saddle and bridle, and, motioning to the door, followed her out into the night.

At first, as she confessed afterward even at the moment when he appeared most hateful to her, it seemed almost as though this grim bargain might bring a kind of happiness. When the first night and the next day and the next night had passed and still he treated her with gentleness and a sort of rude chivalry, when she saw him, strong, sure,

riding down into the arroyos and ahead of her through the gaunt cañons, it seemed almost as if he were leading her into a new country; to a life, freer, of broader realization.

Then they came, at last, to the buried valley in which he had struck gold and settled down to work the claim. And then came the revulsion, and all her Puritanism, stung with the shock it had had to undergo, rushed back and submerged her. All the quintessential bitterness which the "nerves" of the highly organized modern woman could inject into the raw distress of the situation stung her with its white-hot fires. The more he tried to do for her the more hateful he became. Whenever she looked at her husband behind him she seemed to see the figure of that drunken animal who had broken into her room. "My price has risen!" she flung out bitterly, when Ghent, in his big bashful fashion, let fall the news that he had been planning a fine house for her. It was going to cost, far away as they were from everything, forty thousand dollars. Every cent that he gave her she kept apart, not spending it. While he was working his claim she slaved secretly over Indian baskets and blankets, sold them to tourists and turned the money over to the Greaser who had sold his share in her that wretched night for the string of nuggets. And at last when the debt was paid to the last bitter penny, and the chain redeemed, she flung it at her husband's feet, and with her brother, who had discovered her at last, went back home to the East.

When the simple spectator—who, in these days of paradox and revolt against convention, occupies the position of the helpless little man labeled "Common People" in Mr. Opper's cartoons on the trusts—arrives at this point in Mr. William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide," his solicitous mind is filled with dismay. What is to come of all this? Is Ghent to go back East like "The Virginian" and make everything right with a tailor-made suit? Impossible, because Ruth has just admitted all his kindness and rude chivalry; discounted it, so to

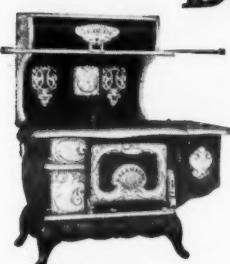


**John Drew and
Margaret Illington
in Pinero's "His
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The dressing-room scene in James Forbes's "The Chorus Lady," with Rose Stahl in the title part

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PLAYS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 22)

speak, and fled from him. And yet, is all the strong beauty of that new life she felt herself beginning to live when she came West to fade into mere tourist moonshine, and must she return to Milford Corners and the man who was "all done" at twenty-five? Up goes the curtain, six months later, on the New England sitting-room and the portraits of those grim ancestors. The Jordan money, thanks to Ruth's going away at the critical time she did, has all been lost in the ranch venture. Ruth is a mother. There is worry and unrest in the old house. Fly-away Polly Jordan, who now and then acts suspiciously like the author's mouth-piece, ventures the frank assertion that what Ruth needs is to see her husband. Ghent appears presently. He had followed his wife by the next train and has been in the East all this time. When we learn that he has bought up all the ruined ranch himself and saved the family, we almost reach for our hats; no doubt now of our dismay! So it's only the old finish after all—mortgage lifted, all forgiven. But wait—we are reckoning without Ruth, who is a Puritan of the Puritans, and without Mr. Moody, who thinks for himself and has an imagination. She sweeps in for their last interview, bitterer than ever. Again she flings out the old cry: "So my price has risen! Once you bought me—now you must buy my whole family!" Ghent stands up and takes it, looking back at her steadily, just as he used to take it those wretched months back in the mountains.

"It's those fellows that are fooling you," he says, motioning toward the portraits—hard-fisted old crabs who like enough sanded their sugar and sold enough chicory Java in their day—and drops his shoulders wearily. Then, in sentence after sentence, as simple and as searching, he beats away at the barriers which Ruth has thrust between herself and her happiness. And then, as she leans on the table, with her face buried in her arms, comes to her the revelation of it all. Out of the sin committed this man has grown steadily stronger and gentler and better; she has grown only narrower and harder and more weak. Wrapping herself in words and hand-me-down conceptions of life and its duties, she has done her best to destroy life, trample under foot its happiness and beauty. He has just begun to live. The wages of sin are suffering and he has suffered, but they are not necessarily death. The moment of sin may be the moment of revelation, of the beginning of a new life. And she rises and takes up the chain of nuggets which he had laid on the table and hangs it round his neck. "Do you do that of your own free will?" asks her husband. "No," she says, going over to him, "because I can not help it."

Two Englishmen and an American

THIS is a man's size play. In the first enthusiasm of seeing it one is inclined to believe that it is the play which has been awaited all these years from some American author. Certainly, here is a man who has something new to say, and who says it, simply, vigorously, and beautifully. Beside it most of the other American plays which come to one's mind seem amusingly local or conventional or thin and pale; scarcely less striking is its comparison with such finished work as Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order," and "The Hypocrites" of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. These English dramatists also attack the narrowness of convention. Mr. Pinero shows a young and charming woman whose life was made all but unbearable by her well-meaning but priggish husband and the conscientious but bigoted family of his first wife. They were a terrible lot, Sir Daniel and Lady Ridgeley and the rest, and Mr. Pinero goes after them with that rapier of his and plays all over them until their poor little souls are left flat and wrinkled like punctured toy balloons. It appears, presently, that the sainted first wife, for whose memory they made life a nightmare for Nina Jesson, was so far from being a paragon that her little boy didn't know his own father; the relatives are dethroned, the living ceases to be sacrificed for the dead, and the house is put in order. Everything is done delightfully. Mr. Drew is at his very happiest, and Miss Margaret Illington as the second wife and Mr. C. M. Hallard as the husband, very good indeed. The satire is delicious; the picture of Nina unerring. There is a drawing-room scene, with firelight shining wonderfully on ladies' dresses and every detail from the flowers to the very atmosphere of the room so perfect that you wonder why it is that the audience doesn't give it a flutter of applause, as they so invariably do whenever you show any, however foolish, open-air vista, with a hay field or a sea or a mountain painted on the back drop. Wit, lights, voices, tempo—all are a delight. Such a play is one of the fine flowers of civilization. But at most, it is a comedy of manners, of surfaces. It gives one such an evening as we can imagine our descendants enjoying when society has reached that Stationary State we used to read about in Mr. Mill's "Political Economy." It is almost too finished.

Mr. Pinero, British Respectability, and Mr. Jones

MR. JONES, too, takes a fall out of that perennial phantom, British Respectability. There is more fire and less *finesse*, perhaps, in his work, but it gets more under one's skin. We fancy that Mr. Pinero would like to have written that third act of "The Hypocrites," where in the presence of the hypocritical, ambitious family of the man who has wronged her and the father of the woman he is about to marry, and the young curate who has staked his living on getting them to tell the truth and face it, the poor, pitiful little girl swears that young Wilmore has never spoken to her except as a mere acquaintance; Wilmore, himself, on his honor, swears, too; and then, just as the horrid lie is about to be carried through and, swaying, her hand, groping blindly, clutching Wilmore, at the first physical contact. Nature comes crashing through and they are in each other's arms, and the whole structure of lies and falsehood tumbled to the ground. This grabs you right where you are. There was a man next to me who said: "Gosh—I never spent a more uncomfortable two hours in my life!" mopping his face as the curtain went down. He meant that from the moment the curtain went up young Leonard Wilmore had, as he put it, certainly been up against it, with this pale, pitiful little girl coming in just on the eve of his wedding; that it was terribly true and real. Mr. Jones has flavor and earnestness, and when he attacks the conventions, he stands on firm ground and knows what he is aiming at; he isn't merely whacking things promiscuously like Mr. Shaw, the Slap-Stick Man. But when all is said and done, it is not really such a very inspired message that "The Hypocrites" brings. This pale, pitiful, little, wronged girl isn't, perhaps, the one to spend too many heroics upon. Marry her—not because that will make wrong right, but because you love her, poor nobody that she is, more than you do this other pretty and perfect lady, with all the money and the name—that is about the most that one can make out of it. Mr. Jones is dramatic and earnest and human, Mr. Pinero is perfect and polite, but Mr. Moody is a poet with a New Idea.

The complete significance of "The Great Divide" remains to be demonstrated. Its author has not served a long apprenticeship in stage-craft; he is not a veteran of technique like Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones, or like our Mr. Fitch. On the other hand, he has done this, and he is not yet forty. To the whole tribe of English instructors, and especially to those rare birds of paradise which chirp beneath the elms of Cambridge, Mr. Moody's achievement ought to be an inspiration and a hurrah. Can the flippant undergraduate emerging from Sever with a batch of English 22 themes under his arm, marked "Impossible," "Callow," "Pleasing Make-Believe," "I do not follow your philosophy," observe, as he languidly ignites his cigarette: "It amuses them, so let 'em do it. They can't write anyway!" Mr. Moody has written. And he is one of them. Of the Harvard class of '93, he has lately been a professor of English at the University of Chicago. He has published "The Masque of Judgment," "The Fire Bringer," various poems, a history of English literature, and edited various English classics—distinctly a "littery gent." And one of the interesting things about Mr. Moody's play is that it is precisely its literary quality which gives it much of its distinction. Notwithstanding the plot and setting, which in other hands might fall so easily

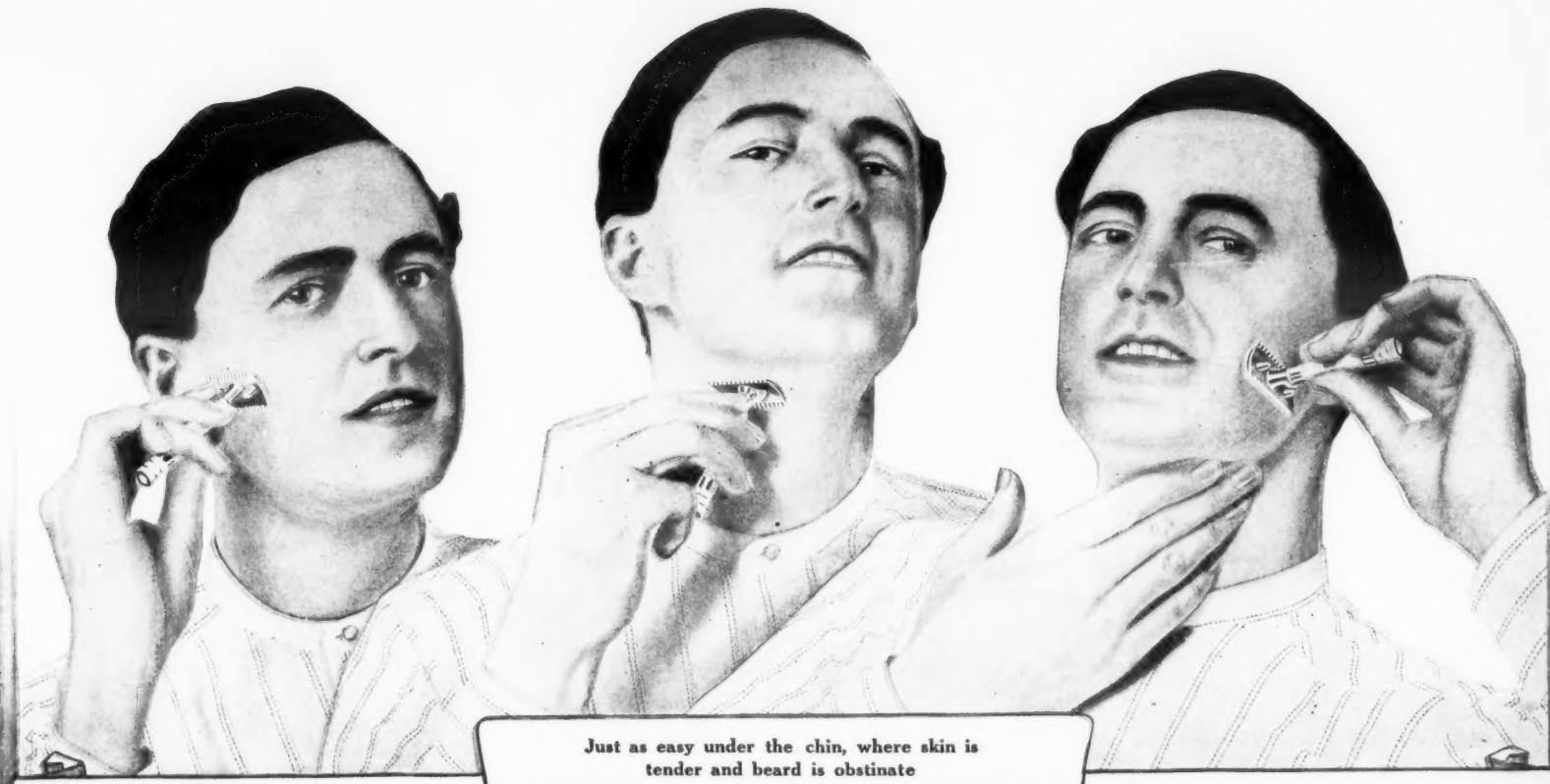
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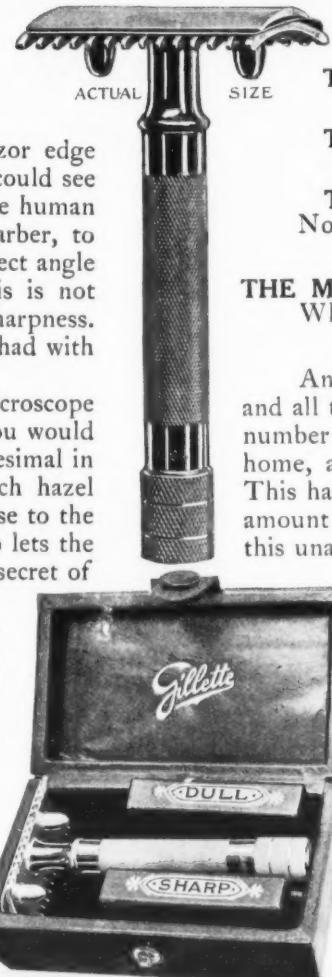
It shaves against the grain without "pulling" and without roughening the skin

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Anyone can use it as well as the expert barber.

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It is always sharp without sharpening.

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No honing, no stropping and half the time in actual shaving.

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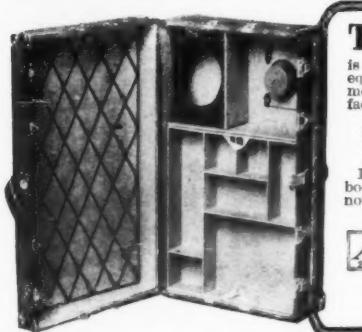
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PLAYS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 24)

into inane sentimentality or luridest melodrama, there is neither any "Say, pard," talk nor any flowery hot air. Passages of real lyrical beauty are perfectly integrated with those written in the terse vernacular. Quite outside of the creative imagination which is at the back of the whole, this satisfying simplicity, repression, and authenticity is the work of a man trained in the use of words. This is a fine and stimulating thing; especially when the notion is so prevalent as it is now that to be imaginative, in the higher sense, one must be boresome; to be authentic and human one must talk in slang.

The interpretation of the play by the actors leaves little to be desired. The action is so admirably concentrated that it falls almost wholly upon Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller, both of whom appear at better than their previous best. The emotional power which Miss Anglin demonstrated last winter in "Zira" is here complemented by an exquisitely warm and human comedy touch and an expression of varying shades of quiet emotion more versatile than was even to be expected. Mr. Miller, too, surpasses himself in the quiet dignity and power which he gives to the figure of the man—a performance guided by intelligent repression similar to that which the author has so effectively used in the lines.

A Star Reporter and a Lady of the Chorus

TWO other new American plays, Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story" and "The Chorus Lady" of Mr. James Forbes, are both more interesting as authentic and sympathetic portrayals of certain novel phases of actual contemporary life than as plays carrying out some theme of general human application to a dramatic conclusion. "The Stolen Story" is founded on an incident in Mr. Williams's well-known short story of the same name, and in it, for the first time, life on a modern New York newspaper is put on the stage, sympathetically and intelligently, by a man who knows what he is talking about. Delicacy of feeling and a warm human touch are felt in all of Mr. Williams's stories, and the same qualities appear in this, his first play. The humor of the city office, copy-boy, cubs, the flip representative of one of the "yellows," the lady society editor, are brought out delightfully; some of the pathos, too. No one who has ever worked on Park Row could witness that little bit between Billy Woods and the cub, in which the star reporter, just discharged, compliments the other, before he goes, on an East Side story in which he recognizes the cub's hand, without feeling like Billy Woods, "I'd like to have written that myself." If the story of the play is thin and at times too complex to be intelligible, one doubts if the average spectator notices it in the pleasure of finding himself introduced to new and very interesting sorts of people, and the two scenes in the newspaper office are strong and sure and exciting enough almost to make one forget frailty in the rest.

Mr. Forbes's chorus lady like Mr. Williams's newspaper man, has been fairly lying round waiting for somebody to write a piece about her. So far as we are aware, this is the first time that she has been taken, sympathetically and seriously, as the chief figure of a play. Why, for instance, has not Mr. Roy McCordell, the greatest living voice of these lovely but inarticulate souls, written such a play? To do it Mr. Forbes has had to lug in the bachelor apartment and the room adjoining into which the innocent and ill-advised young woman withdraws when visitors are heard coming, but not even this antique skeleton and the absurd sacrifice which the veteran chorus lady makes to save the reputation of her foolish little sister, can stale the fresh authenticity of that scene in the chorus's dressing-room and the captivating humor and good-fellowship of the Chorus Lady herself. She is good company and good fun, and Miss Rose Stahl makes her very real.

WHO'S ZOO IN AMERICA

GEORGE BLARNEY CORTELYOU

BY WALLACE IRWIN

WHEN you visited the mansion

Of T. R. to talk expansion,

As the usher ushered you grandly through

the portal, you

Doubtless, sitting in the lobby,

Saw a useful youth and nobby

Typing letters—and that same was Mr. Cortelyou.

He had all the clerky graces;

He could be in forty places

All at once; could answer hurry calls,

or grab a net

To seine in the rich profusion

Of some campaign contribution—

Ever willing to do chores or sit in

Cabinet.

Stick close to your desk, like George B. C., And you'll always hold an office with the G. O. P.

Night and day he was a very Willing private secretary;

He was Washington's most diplomatic resident;

He could mollify the Speaker,

Sooth an anxious office-seeker,

Snub the bores and turn the cranks

from Mr. President.

He was able to be hurried,

He was anxious to be worried;

So at last, one day, King Theodore

anointed him.

To an office high and shivery,

The Lord of Free Delivery

And Chancellor of Postage they appointed him.

Watch out for a job like the P. M. G.

And you'll always hold an office with the G. O. P.

But the Grand Old Plutocratic,

Knowing well his systematic

Trick of wheedling financiers by arts mysterious,

Called him to the holy mission

Of the Lord Cashier's position—

And the news made Wall Street's ecstasy delirious.

So he's now the High Mazoolix

Of the National Spindulix,

At whose dignity, if you're inclined to chortle, you

Must remember how this novice

Rose from office-boy to office—

Lo! the meteoric marvel, Mr. Cortelyou!

Be good to the Trusts and the G. O. P. And some day you'll be appointed to the Treasury.

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Ask your jeweler to show you *New England* Watches. If he doesn't keep them, just give us his name and address and we will send you a free copy of a handsome and instructive book—the Blue Book of Watches for ladies or Red Book of Watches for men. Write us to-day for the book you want and we will make it easy for you to examine, test, and if pleased, to buy a *New England* Watch. Don't forget to give us your jeweler's name.

NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO., 31 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

The Baker Electric Coupe

The latest product of the factory which produces
"The Aristocrats of Motordom"

The Coupe, like all Baker Electrics, is finished and upholstered in the most perfect manner known to the carriage builder's art. The best cushions, hair filled and covered with the choicest broadcloth, dainty card and toilet cases, and bevel plate windows combine to make up an interior of the most exquisite and dignified luxuriance.

The Baker Coupe, in every minute detail, is designed to meet the requirements of the most fastidious. Its appointments are complete. Its lines are artistic and pleasing and about the whole vehicle there is an air of distinction and impressive elegance apparent to the most casual observer.

The motor is powerful and simple to operate. Then the freedom from offensive noise, grease and odor, together with the ever-readiness for use, are superior features of Baker Electric Carriage Construction.

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE CO., 12 Jessie St., Cleveland, O.



The Baker Line for 1907

will be most replete, comprising the ever popular Imperial, Stanhope, Suburban, Surrey and Depot Carriage, to which we now add the Baker Coupe, shortly to be followed by the new Baker Brougham and Landau, of European lines of design, elegance of finish and modern refined appointments that will find no equal in America. In the smaller Carriages (two passengers) we have several new designs of which we will make special mention in a later announcement.

Every model will represent a vehicle which leaves nothing to be desired, and for city or suburban use, they are offered as the most perfect type of automobiles yet produced. Write for particulars.

You Can Not Buy This Picture



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An Old Love Song

The size of the charming picture (of which this is a reproduction in miniature) is 10 1/2 x 15 inches. The larger print is a sepia photogravure, plate marked. It is hand-printed on Extra steel plate paper, 19x24, ready for framing.

The Picture Will Not Be Sold

But the large print will be delivered, carriage prepaid, to **every** new subscriber to LIFE at \$5.00 a year, if we receive the remittance before February 1, 1907.

In place of "An Old Love Song," new subscribers may, if they so prefer, select prints from our catalogue to the value of \$2.50. The handsome little catalogue of LIFE'S PRINTS, with miniature reproductions of 127 drawings, will be sent to any address on application.

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The Season's Ideal

CADILLAC

1907

\$2,500

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Whatever the point of view—whether it be its smooth and perfectly-balanced action, its ease of control, its comfort of riding, its finish and mechanical refinement, this new model is not excelled by the costliest types of either American or foreign manufacture. It is an embodiment of the many tried and true principles of the wonderful single-cylinder Cadillac, developed four-fold and perfected to the highest degree.

Greatly increased safety of riding is obtained through the new and exclusive double-acting steering gear; a new marine-type governor minimizes vibration and fuel consumption by regulating the speed of the engine under all conditions—these and many other superior features place the Cadillac in the front rank as a serviceable, economical, thoroughly dependable motor car.

Arrange for a demonstration with your nearest dealer—and let him show you why the eyes of the motor world are on this new Cadillac. 30 horse power; 50 miles an hour; \$2,500. Booklet L, and dealer's address on request.

Other Cadillac Models are: Model K, Runabout, \$750; Model M, Light, Touring Car, \$950. All prices f. o. b. Detroit and do not include lamps.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
Member A. L. A. M.

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Hats are \$4. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are \$6. Good hatters sell them.

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For this service you will receive a \$5 present with every suit ordered, if your name is mentioned when writing for samples.

Men attention called to this ad, by some one else, are entitled to this \$5 present with their order.

With free samples of our \$10 suits, we will send illustrations of hundreds of useful and valuable articles from which to select the \$5 presents. These include gentlemen's fine furnishing goods, ladies' silk waists, tailor-made skirts, fur scarfs, decorated dinner sets, opera glasses, suit cases, fine musical instruments, etc.

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It is safe to order from us for we guarantee to fill your order exactly, or all your money promptly returned.

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The sole in this shoe is waterproof, making it unnecessary to wear unsightly rubbers, and best of all, the foot rests easily and with an even pressure upon an insole which exactly conforms to the shape of the foot, insuring rest and comfort.

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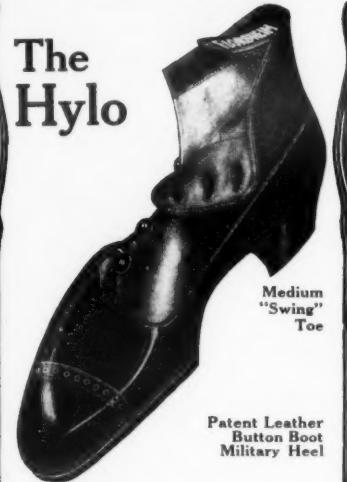
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Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most Styles sell for \$5.00.

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Handiest Machine in the World is the WATER "Little Wonder" MOTOR



The original fastest water motor and only one out of the toy class. Fit any size or style of faucet. Our line of remarkable household attachments for this motor in addition to its universal utility in grinding, sharpening, polishing, cleaning and light power purposes consists of the Home Bottle Washer, Perfect for cleaning bottles, tumblers, lamp shades, etc.; the Magic Egg Beater, a self-operating egg beater of remarkable merit. Automatic Brake, perfectly governing the operation of a sewing machine by our motor. Little Wonder Cooling Fan, for ventilation or rapid drying. Also small dynamos and 20 other useful accessories. Write to-day for free booklet.

Beware of Cheap imitations
Warner Motor Co., Inc., Dept. 10, Flat Iron Bldg., N. Y.

OUR NEWEST FICTION

Results of the June to September Contest

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

WRITERS of fiction apparently rest in summer-time. The stories received by us are fewer in the torrid months, although the quality happily does not alter in the volume. We accepted the following for the quarter running from June 1 to September 1:

THE BIG ONE	Stephen French Whitman
THE CLOWNS	Harvey J. O'Higgins
THE KEEPER OF A LIGHT	Edith Barnard
MARTHA	Georgia Wood Pangborn
MISS HAMILTON'S ENDURANCE	Gleett Burgess
AN EXPLANATION BY THE EDITOR	Harrison Rhodes
"THEY WAS WOMEN"	Richard Washburn Child
THE GIRL IN WHITE	Horace Hazeltine

There are several stories in this short list to various elements of which we should have been glad to give a prize, but taking all qualities together our decision was unanimous. First place is taken by "An Explanation by the Editor," written by Harrison Rhodes.

Other Tales

"THE Clowns," by Harvey J. O'Higgins, which we like exceptionally, ran well over the six thousand word limit.

Mr. Whitman has done much excellent work for us, and has had bad luck thus far in having several of his stories take strong second place. A similar fate followed Mr. Child for a time before he wrote "The Decent Average." Both of these young men are reasonably sure of high standing in the American world of letters. "The Big One" is diverting, full of what stage slang calls "good lines." "They Was Women" is notable for its new proof of Mr. Child's descriptive power, his ability to seize a large subject and make his efforts in few strokes.

"The Keeper of a Light," published in this issue, is by the author of "Lady Bird," whose work promises to be decidedly popular, with its sympathetic vein of sentiment.

Apropos of Mr. Burgess's amusing story, we repeat that humor is one of the most desired and rare qualities in literature, and one for which we, with our many strenuous missions to balance or offset, are always on the search.

The Award

THE prize-winner this time is distinguished rather by all-round excellence than by the emphasis of any one attribute. Each of us, in attempting to phrase the reasons for his vote, was finally driven back to the elementary proposition that it was "a good story." It is well balanced and well written; the atmosphere is one with which the author is obviously familiar and of which he is at the same time critical; the development is steady and made with ease; the three main characters catch the interest, as well as a couple of which mere glimpses are afforded; but outside of all these things lies what is meant when one is forced down to the unanalytic allegation that the story itself is good. It means, as nearly as may be, that if you stripped away the details of treatment, and told it in your own words, the bare tale itself would interest or attract. "An Explanation by the Editor" is original, in the sense that it is freshly seen, but it treats of emotions, truths, preferences as old and as universal as the human race. Originality does not mean oddity. It means freshness. It means not novelty, but vitality. A child, being alive, is forever new, in spite of the billions of children who have gone before.



STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Author of "The Big One," "The Antiseptic," etc.

"The Decent Average"

THE last prize story, by Mr. Child, "The Decent Average," had its basis firmly on a general truth in human nature, and this solidity of foundation had much to do with its success. No story on which we have thrown the lime-light of a prize has aroused less protest. Every reader, thus far, who has written in about that story has given it his approval. Apart from the qualities of large and free grasp and veracious inspiration, which were singled out when the announcement of that award was made, a suggestive virtue has been singled out by one reader. He spoke of the unity of place as adding power: So much happens, of such significance, on one spot, at one period of time, that the event lends itself very happily to the purposes of art. Many short stories, even good ones, are

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A-R-E Six's are secured by our entire Assets of \$8,364,909.97, including Capital and Surplus of \$1,285,047.03, accumulated during more than eighteen years of uninterrupted success in this most stable and profitable business on earth.

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O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

EVERY COMFORT
Attends the Traveler
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Chicago Indianapolis
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Who Travels via the

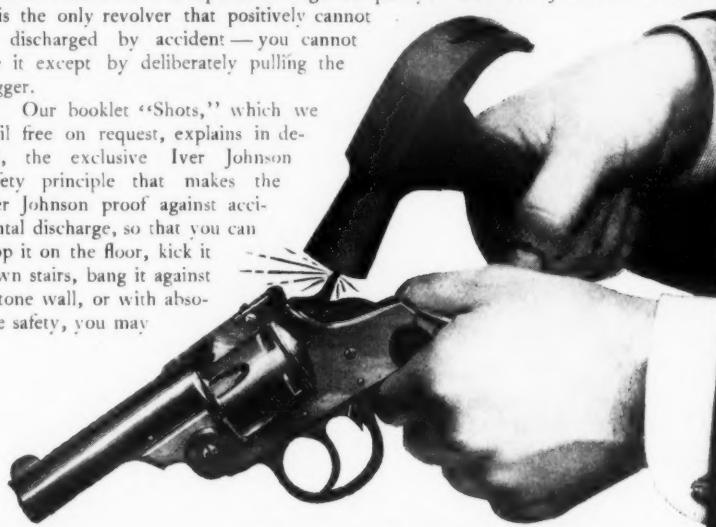
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A success like this does not merely happen. It is won by exclusive features of excellence or a superior average of quality. The Iver Johnson has both. It is the only revolver that positively cannot be discharged by accident—you cannot fire it except by deliberately pulling the trigger.

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Hammer the Hammer

But this is only part of the Iver Johnson story, the biggest part is that which the revolver tells best itself—high quality of material and workmanship in every detail, faithful and sure discharge, straight, hard shooting, beauty and graceful design. Compactness of structure, easy to handle—just the weapon for a gentleman's pocket, bureau, or desk. It may be purchased for home use without fear—the ladies of the home find in it a real protection against intrusion and have no fear of accidental discharge with it "about the house."

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3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, \$5.00

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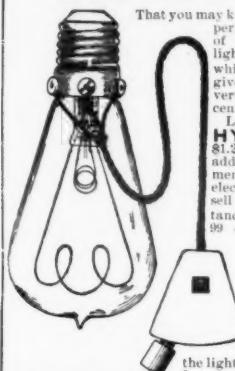
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Boys are taught its mystic powers in school and out of it. Pleasing, entertaining and instructive. No end of harmless fun and amusement and the boy of the present day is being taught what is known of electrical products. Dealers everywhere sell Voltamp Electrical Products. Write today for the name of nearest dealer, and our latest book, which illustrates over a hundred Electrical Motors, Toys, Bells, Lamps, etc. Dept. U.

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INVISIBLE RUBBER

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It is light; it cannot "draw" or cause the feet to become inflamed, or swell, or ache, but on the contrary gives thorough protection in every way and is worn with comfort from morning till night.

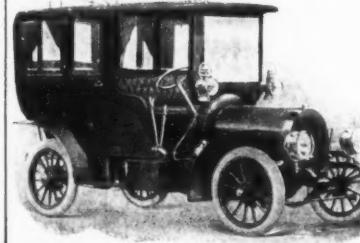
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BANDMEN! Clarinets and Flutes at Wholesale Prices!

OUR NEWEST FICTION

(Continued from page 28)

novels in epitome, but the natures of the two forms are essentially unlike, and a short story is much more profoundly what it ought to be when it is the history of a limited event. "The Decent Average," we are convinced, is one of the best short stories published in America in some time, and to write it is something of an accomplishment for a man not yet graduated from the law school.

The last prize-winner and the present one have both caused some talk about the value and the dangers of being optimistic. "The Decent Average," as its name implies, portrayed the human core as sound. "An Explanation by the Editor" ends in death and failure, but puts forth with simplicity and conviction something noble in the heart—the unquestioning subordination of her own talent in mother to her daughter's empty wishes—one of the instincts that force us to respect that race of forked radishes which it has pleased the Almighty to create. One of these is not a "happy ending" at all, in the accepted meaning, although it leaves the reader content, with no mental weariness or dyspepsia. The other ending, technically "happy," has none of that forced cheer which has lent to the phrase its obliquity. A happy ending is a cowardly escape from truth only when it amounts to a lie about the facts set forth. The rule, which prevails in some manufactories of literature, against a tragic ending is a paltry one. A rule, however, against discouragement, cowardice, anemia, and spiritual indigestion is parallel to the rule of life. Faith, hope, and charity do not cease to be virtues as soon as man's existence is transferred to paper. Whether the end of a tale is victory or defeat, misery or joy, it is better for the ozone that it has, for the strength and willingness to live that it encourages in the race for whom it is intended.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA

(Continued from page 17)

work and enough pay to permit him to change his shirt biweekly, and he goes about the State setting up political jobs, and the jobs are always in the interests of the man who furnishes the railroad pass. At every State capital in this land are from two to a score of railroad attorneys whose business it is not so much to try damage suits—that is turned over to subordinates who really know the law—but to play politics. These railroad attorneys pack conventions, make political slates, kill off honest candidates who may stand for the people's interests, and lobby in Legislatures against the people's interests. It is part of the business of these railroad attorneys to carry judges in private cars on junkets, and wherever the insidious use of flattery, social attention, or political influence may move a public servant, these political attorneys use it. They are the courtzeans of American politics. One of the saddest features of the situation is that most of them are educated at the great State schools, with public taxes; yet they turn their talents and their education against the people. These men report to New York City, and a dozen men there who represent half a score of financial interests have before them all the time the real story of American politics, in every sovereign State, as it is written by their lobbyists. It is to the everlasting credit of Governor Folk of Missouri that he trumpeted out the names of the Gould-Harriman harpies, and drove them away from the capital while the Legislature was in session.

TO break the influence of corrupt money in politics the people are moving all over the Middle-West, at least, toward the nomination of party candidates by direct primaries. A direct primary law will give every member of any political party the opportunity to vote directly for every candidate of his party before the people. As the system now stands in most American States, the voter helps to choose delegates from his ward or precinct to the county or district convention. These delegates may be instructed on one or two candidates for local offices, and in certain rare cases these delegates have instructions concerning one or two candidates for State offices, but the voter has no choice in the matter of nominating a majority of his county, his district, or his State tickets. Under the direct primary law, the voter has the names of all the candidates for party nomination before him, and he chooses his candidates from the highest office in the State to the lowest office in the township just as he votes his ticket later in the year at the general election. This method of naming party candidates eliminates the possibility of trading and dickerling in conventions, and thereby makes the calling of the professional politician who engineers deals and combinations a useless one. With an instinct born of the fear of annihilation, the railroad lobbyists in every American State are fighting for the old system, and are willing to concede anything else in order to defeat the primary laws. For when the people name their candidates for office, without the possibility of deals and trades and combines, and when men may run for office without consulting those who can make trades and deals and combines, the power of crooked money in American politics is half gone. And more than that, when the voter chooses his candidates instead of having them chosen for him, he is that much nearer being a self-governing citizen.

AND, of course, the American voter to-day should be much more nearly a self-governing citizen than his father was. For it is an axiom in politics that a people gets just as much liberty as it has intelligence to exercise, and the forms of government of a people—the amount of liberty its laws and constitutions claim for it—has nothing to do with the liberty it really has. We have been building a schoolhouse every hour in this country for many years—so our orators tell us—and if those schoolhouses do not give us intelligence to widen our liberties and enlarge our participation in this government, we should stop building schoolhouses. And contrariwise, if those who would stop this movement of the people toward actual self-government desire to make any real headway, they will not devote themselves to hiring lobbyists and subsidizing newspapers, and calling the people Socialists; they will straightway begin to burn schoolhouses. For the power of the people comes from the schoolhouse, and probably the power of the people when they get fuller control of this Government than they now have will widen the moral vision of the people. For responsibility always quickens the sense of duty in men, and it may quicken our sense so that every citizen will know that he is stealing real money from real people when he cheats the county or the township or the State out of its honest taxes. It is at least pleasant to hope that when the citizen comes a little closer to actual participation in the government of his county and of his State, he will see in that government something more than an opportunity to get benefits without giving honest returns. And, above all, it is reasonable to promise ourselves that, when the compound lever of our present convention system of politics is removed and the simpler form of direct participation in the vital affairs of party government is given to every citizen—that we will all see the direct relation between our civic power and those things which we will move so readily and so simply, and that we will not abuse our power; that we will not throw our votes in the dark at unknown evils; that we will not be moved so easily by demagogues, and that our sense of great power will make us sober and keep us sane.

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